

DISORDER

Horsey
Buzzcocks

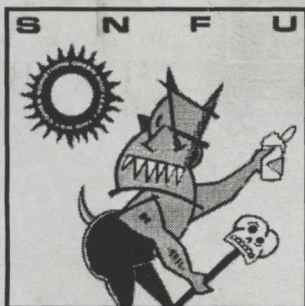
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Ranid
French Scene Report





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Suicide... cookies... THE VACANT LOT Wrong... earplugs... PRISONSHAKE The Roaring Third... cigarettes...



murderecords

**SUB
POP**

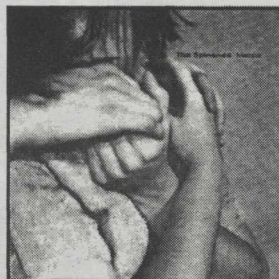


On **SHUT UP KITTY**, 16 aggressive electronic
dance bands deliver unique interpretations of
such tracks as U2's *Mysterious Ways* (by
KMFD - unavailable elsewhere), The
Sugarcubes' *Cold Sweat* (by Diatribe)
and many other favourites.

**HARD
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POST**
H A C K E D



This three piece punk outfit are NOT from
the Maritimes but hail from Newfoundland.
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POST** is the third band to be signed by
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"Charting A Different Course Since 1987"

DISORDER

December 1993
Issue #131

"If you don't want it edited...don't fuckin' write it."

Cover

Last spring, Eric Thorkelson caught the SNFU boys feeding the pigeons in Stanley Park. So, instead of spying and snickering he thought he'd whip off a few snaps for future blackmail purposes. Changes have been made where applicable.

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STUFF WE LISTENED TO WHILE PUTTING THIS THING TOGETHER

Afghan Whigs Gentlemen Archers of Loaf Icky Mettle Best Kissers in the World Been There Breeders Pod Buzzcocks Trade Test Transmissions Leonard Cohen Greatest Hits Dead Can Dance The Serpent's Egg Don Caballero For Respect Codine Barry Reid Lalbach Opus Dei M-3 Monkeywrench Clean as a Broken-dick Dog Morphine Good Nirvana In Utero Pavement Watery, Domestic Police Regatta de Blanc Rocket From The Crypt All Systems Go! Frank Sinatra Duets Smashing Pumpkins Grin Stereolab Transient Random Noise Bursts With Announcements Superchunk On The Mouth Sweaty Nipples Swervedriver Mezcal Head Tad Inhaler Treepeople Something Vicious For Tomorrow Unrest Perfect Teeth Tom Waits Bone Machine Wedding Present Hit Parade 1 Wedding Present John Peel Sessions 1987-1993 Paul Westerberg 14 Songs

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TECHNICAL SUPPORT: Copyright, Dr. Pepper, Van Press Printers

LEGAL COUNSEL/PUBLISHER: Chris Buchanan

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Deadline for submissions is the 15th of the month. Discorder wants your stuff—and it our way and if we like it we'll use it; if not, we'll lose it. Submissions can be submitted on disk (preferably), in print, or by tape. CTR 101.9 FM is 1800 watts of neurotic bliss from UBC to Langley, Squamish, and points beyond. We're also on all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland except Shaw in White Rock.

Discorder's 38 pages of stuff which we thought was progressively getting stronger with each issue, but with newfound realization we have accepted our mediocrity. It is still put together by an overworked and underpaid staff of elitist snoot who used to know everything and anything about everything you don't, and now with heart cannot help know how far we can go in having the right to tell you about it. We also hold the meaning of "alternative" sealed in an empty chocolate Gideon TAO can...but we sold it to Perry Farrell, and look what he's done with it.

Office hours for CTR, Mof's Sound, and Discorder are Monday-Friday, 10-4.
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HITCHING A RIDE ON THE TURNIP TRUCK

Dear Airhead,
Kimberly Rowan meets Urge Overkill: syncope, melodrama, hypocrisy, egotism, shit writing...

We could write a Ph.D. thesis on the flaws in Ms. Rowan's "testimonial" but we couldn't be bothered to take up two pages in *Discorder*. Suffice it to say, anyone who would put forth the dreadful image of Urge Overkill as "sex-starved" at the first of her "stoned and hysterical" meetings with them has fallen off one track too many.

Moreover, the "Urge Overkill-as-servants-of-Satan" angle (like they're not out for themselves) not only accredits them with a propensity beyond their due but has fuck-all to do with reviewing their show. As if a review over whether intent. Merely, she looks self-aggrandizement through melodramatic contact with so-called rock gods. She even presumes to advise them on career matters and on "what women want". Attempting to ask the only way into Urge Overkill's bed under *Discorder's* aegis is "likely to bring her the 'utmost of respect'" she speaks of.

As for wanting to avoid dirtying her hands by not "passing public judgment" on the Town Pump chicken conflict, it's obvious more than her hands are dirty. Who cares about her judgement on Urge Overkill or UO themselves, for that matter? We suspect *Discorder* is hard up for decent writing if it will indulge long-winded, trivial spew like Ms. Rowan's.

L. Browne
D. Hillman

Airhead:

Had to write to say how much I like Kimberly J. Rowan's article on Urge. It made me laugh out loud. In a public place even!

Although, not an URGE fan myself, I enjoyed her honest love/hate rantings over the band.

Great writing - hope to see more.

CHRISTI J. YORK
Vancouver

Love 'em or hate 'em, *Discorder* is giving you the opportunity to win some fabulous prizes. Up for grabs are FOUR CD copies of Teenage Fanclub's newest release, 13, and ONE autographed copy of Urge

Out With Soap contest c/o *Discorder Magazine*, Box #233-6138 Sub Blvd. Vancouver, B.C., V6T 1Z1. All entries received by January 14, 1994 will be eligible to win. Hint: creativity wins these contests, not plagiarism or persistence. Good luck!

TAKE TWO OF THESE...

Dear Paul,
Re: Review of BOB'S YOUR UNCLES Cages album
While BOB'S YOUR UNCLES remain one of my favourite Canadian bands and I wish them well in all their future endeavours, I must take exception to your reviewer Grant

Canada. Intrepid shot a video for their song "Walk On Land", spent money on promoting the album and generated "a ton of press". Unfortunately, Sook-Yin took sick and the band was able to undertake only a partial tour to support the album. Intrepid also gave the band CDs and cassette to sell off their excess. Our deal with the band was only for the "Tale of 21 Legs" album. Grant Lawrence's review imports a far more sinister scenario which is not the case and for which we have no justification. Your paper and our label are both out to support Canadian independent music. I don't see any value in propagating the age-old vocabulary "good", "Toronto" "bad" debate or vice-versa.

Best regards,
Graham Stairs
Intrepid Music Group
Toronto, Ontario

For the sake of argument we'll say that Mr. Lawrence's review "imparts a far more sinister scenario," unjustified at that, in regards to Intrepid's association with Bob's Your Uncle. However, with all that's been said, it still makes me wonder why one-time label-mates, the Biscuiters are reviewing their back catalogue from the Intrepid label? Or why their acclaimed Greatest Hits album, with an impeccable track record, was re-released independently by the band? It remains to be seen whether Intrepid's practices are "good" or "bad", surely they're not "stupid"...

Dear Airhead,
I found these aspirin in my favorite village in Thailand (Mueang Thai).
See you
Douglas

Dear Airhead:
Golly, Shindig is a wonderful thing. Bands get to try out in front of a jury of their peers, facing off against other bands in a contest of both machismo and rockability. Bands triumph, bands fail, bands struggle along like worthless pieces of chemical poop flowing out into Coal Harbour.

I was at a table of esteemed judges at the last Shindig, which featured Rusty Nails (a Doobie Brothers for our times), Elvis Love Child (a Blood Circus/Neurosis for 1985) and Eric Estrada and the Vektor Nation (a misplaced Bowie/Joy Division/Walking Person amalgam who were at least a solid second in my book). But I didn't have a book, and because I wasn't a judge, I had nothing to do with Rob's shitty band placing a miserable and humiliating third.

While I was giggling at the band antics between sets, Rob, the excellent bass player from Elvis Love Child was listening to me make fun of his intensely stupid Sub-Pop rip-off band, and I gotta confess, I was pretty caustic. So after the show, he tried to embarrass me by introducing himself to me in a glad-handing asshole you owe me respect kind of way. I told him his band sucked. He was right passed off after that. Tried to convince me I was being disrespectful of his penny ante, grunge-rock idiot combo by saying this wasn't his only band, he played in a jazz-fusion band. I told him that had nothing whatsoever with

his band being as shitty as it was, despite my fervent desire to de-monize him in fusion. We continued arguing about my right to believe that his band sucked, until it became plain that he had a dark-like urge to beat me senseless, and told me as much while calling me "bros" (he plays funky bass so he's gotta be black) and making hand gestures out of *The Godfather*. Because I was sitting by a window, he stood out there on Dunsmuir Street staring at me while his band loaded out, daring me to come out and get my head kicked in for grunge-rock. Fortunately he was intimidated by the daring staff of The Railway Club (God bless them) and drove away in his tiny hatchback.

What I'm getting at is that no matter how obnoxious your critic is, beating him up is probably a bad idea, especially if he's me. Rob you're a dorkin' way I can't begin to describe, and if you can't handle someone thinking your music is bad, maybe you should beat yourself up for sucking so bad instead of threatening to beat someone up for telling you you suck so bad. I didn't have anything to do with you coming in a disastrous hour, and I certainly couldn't hear about the dumbest thing who whopped you so you ground out your pathetic excuse for new

Dear Airhead,
Imagine going out with your friends on a Friday night to see a couple of local bands. You figure you're to go to a bar, have a drink or two, and dance off the pressures of the week. You'd assume that upon entering a bar, the staff of that establishment would treat you with a certain amount of respect, since you are spending money.

This is exactly what happened to us on Friday, October 29, 1993 at THE LUNATIC FRINGE. NOT!!! From the second we arrived in the line up, things were strange. We weren't asked to form a line, while we waited to enter the club, we were violently screamed at "To keep outside, and stand directly against the wall!" We laughed at the bouncers' high strung attitude and wrote it off to them having a bad hair day. As we approached the upstairs bar, it was demanded that we check our coats. I explained that I'd prefer to wear my coat, because I was carrying my wallet.

Rather than explain the bars "Coat Check Policy" to me, the bouncer rudely informed me "If you don't like it, you can leave!" I responded by telling him that wasn't a cool way to treat a customer. He then told me I could go fuck myself. I suggested that the entire staff was



music. Your brainless friends love you, so take consolation and keep playing those killer bass riffs buddy!
Mike
Vancouver, B.C.

P.S. I'd appreciate you *Discorder* types keeping my last name and address confidential because moron-bro seemed extremely driven. Sorry in case you're just not as trusting as I used to be.

I sympathize with you, Mike, because I went through a similar situation with Dave from Dead Surf Kiss. I don't think the threat of me ever getting pounded or was quite imminent (maybe it was... maybe it will be...?) but I had to put up with his snide retorts and "I'm trying to break up the band..." speeches every time he saw me. The best thing about all of this was that I was completely over getting pounded in the presence of my friends or girlfriend and their responses were akin to that of seeing a puppy wrapped up in his own leash. That alone is worth living in fear. Do remember that the pen is mightier than the sword. By the way, I've met the criteria for a "Shindig" columnist, judge, we can count on you next year?

rather hostile toward the clientele. According to him, that was because "They aren't doing what they're supposed to do!" "Charmed," I said. But the fun doesn't stop here. We considered leaving, but I really wanted to check out the bands, so we stayed.

When the King Singleman started their set, a woman began throwing in front of the stage. Because she was enjoying the music, she got on the first step of the stage and continued to dance in a very non-threatening way.

A bouncer, who was ten times the size of the woman, not only escorted her offstage, but escorted her out of the bar. She was the girlfriend of one of the band members.

The next band, Stone Groove, started to play their set. They were guaranteed a full set, and half way through were informed that this would be their last song. The singer was upset by this, and threw down a mic stand. He himself, after the fact, agreed that this wasn't the best way to handle the situation. However, it did not warrant the kind of insanity that followed. Out of nowhere, a very large bouncer, rushed the stage, and began punching the singer in the face. Friends of the band rushed the stage to help their friend out. The

URGE OVERKILL

"That Boy Should Have His Mouth Washed Out With Soap" contest

SKILL TESTING QUESTION

If Urge Overkill drummer, Blackie Onizuka was in front of you, wearing only a smile and his medallion, and you had a big weed of chewing Trident Supermints™ bubblegum, where would you stick it? 87 On a piece of full-clip paper, describe where and why in less than 25 words. Diagrams are encouraged.

Name

Address

Overkill's *Saturation*, on limited edition orange vinyl! All that we require you to do is complete the above entry ballot, ensuring to include your return address and check the appropriate prize box, and mail it to: That Boy Should Have His Mouth Washed

Lawrence's comments in your October issue of *Discorder*. First of all, Intrepid is not a MAJOR label and, secondly, BOB'S YOUR UNCLES was not "fucked over" by either Intrepid or our distributor EMI Music

Heat!

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**PHONE
291-0049**

next thing we knew, every bouncer was in on the scene, and proceeded to beat up men and women, both inside the club, and continued it out in the alley. I'd also like to add that these bouncers were considerably larger, and stronger than the people who were simply stepping in to help their friend. Eventually the police came. I issued a statement to one officer, who didn't write anything down, and walked away without comment when I was finished.

I truly do not understand how a bar that treats their customers like they are doing them a favour to allow them into their establishment (\$8.00 cover charge - \$4.50 for a bottle of beer), but on if they behave! And if they don't line up correctly, dance correctly, or speak correctly, they will be verbally abused, and possibly beaten up. I don't get it! DON'T GO THERE!!!

Jim Girling
Kin Biz
Vancouver, B.C.

Believe me, your complaint is not the first that I've heard (surely not the last) centered around the *Lunatic Fringe*. Disorder had been a long-standing problem with the club and its personnel so we're not only familiar with how irresponsible and unfriendly their business ethic is, but we delight in supporting your position to not patronize the club at all. If more people and bands familiarized themselves with the problems surrounding the operation of the *Lunatic Fringe*, many would probably think twice about patronizing or playing there again. Even with the live venue scene of Vancouver in such a sorry state of affairs do you really have to submit yourself to abusive and rude staff, and the uncertainty of whether or not your band will be permitted to finish their set, get beat up or, in the very least, get paid?

WORLDS AWAY?

Hi,
I saw your magazine and I like it very much. So, I decided to write you. Well, we got a big problem — we recorded 10 new tracks in Aug. '93, and now we are looking for a publisher. It's impossible to make LP or CD in our country today. There are many reasons: UN-sanctions against Yugoslavia because of the stupid policies of "our" leaders, economic disaster, inflation about 1,500,000,000% for 1993, "fuckin' war" in our neighbourhood... so, people are more interested in surviving than in music (making records) — especially to some hard core band. It's very hard to live here today but it's harder to keep on playin'. But this is our way to protest — to say "NO" to the war, misère of me-

dias, sick politics, blind "people" & all the negative things in this world (and our country) — and we decided to try to do everything we can to save the band. So, I'm asking you for help, I'm asking you to ask some record-labels if they are interested in publishing some Yugoslavian band — and, please, let me know!!!

I'm sending you our "info" and if you want you may publish it in your magazine. If you are interested in getting some more informations about our band (our country?), interview, photos, promo-tape, or scene report — write!!!

Thanx.
Best wishes,
Darko Markovic
c/o Dead Ideas
29. Novembra 126/88
11000 Bocrgrad
Yugoslavia

Darko: We send this magazine to 553 record labels, independent and otherwise, on a regular basis. I hope this assists Dead Ideas in finding an interested party to publish/distribute their material.

Disorder Magazine

We need help selling our records. And you help us out by printing are AD.

From
Danny Loebe
c/o The Burning Sensations
P.O. Box 3808
Pinalote, Ca.
93650-3808

As much as I liked your cover of Jonathan Richman's "Pablo Picasso" on the Repo Man soundtrack I can offer you the same good fortune as the above.

Life With the Family

Enndye

She was tight-eyed with suspicion and her tense belly did not accept my embrace. Her arms came out to hold me away but her words pulled me a long way in. "Our dad's dead and now you've finally come home. Wrong way 'round as usual." And I said, "Look here, none of us selected each other as anything but distant, out-dated faces stuck on the occasional snap-shot. I took no notice when you turned 21, you forgot me at Christmas. Neither of us went to Daniel's wedding, he avoided our divorces, and Dad loathed us all. It's been a lot easier on our lot than it's been on close families. Never once have we been shouldered to cry on. We've never borrowed or loaned so much as a sixpence, or dragged each other out of pubs, or out of off-limits bedrooms, just in the nick of time. If you have cancer I'm the last to know. If I fall over with a clot of blood lodged in the wrong bit of my skull you'll hear, eventually, and none the worse for it. I've made my own life. So have we all. It's no shame or tragedy that these lives are not inter-connected; since we were forced to be together in our tiny, cold, damp little house we gave each other no joy. We bided our time in a truce of tolerance 'til we were old enough to fuck off out of it, we could hardly wait. Well, well, well. We've none of us had children, have we? To our eternal credit we didn't pass on our blood stories to new hands and faces, nothing will be perpetuated. So, for god's sake, bloody cheer up, sunshine, and let us go forward to our ends, starting with our cold, nasty Dad and finishing up with whichever of us took the smoke, the drink and the tears most lightly. By the looks of you and me it'll probably be Daniel." She looked long and long, and we sat down on hard chairs to wait for him.

Glenda Enndye



SHINDIG FINALS

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3rd PRIZE:

-24 hours of 8 track studio time at Renegade Studios
-24 hours of 8 track studio time at Deadbeat studios



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brings to a close another 18 weeks of Vancouver's finest band competition. Thanks to all the bands, the fans, and the sponsors. You were swell! A special **HURRAH!** goes out to our regular venue, **The Railway Club.**



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Shindig!

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There is a feeling among certain individuals in this town that CTR, *Discorder* and Shindig! are not doing their job of supporting local talent. I disagree. CTR radio has long been a supporter of local talent. Annual events such as Shindig! and DJ Sound War give many of Vancouver's bands a first (and sometimes only) chance at public performance. At any given time you will find over one hundred local demos carted in CTR's on-booth, as well as a monthly column devoted specifically to this city's musical product, called "Vancouver Special" in the very pages of this *Discorder*. I'm also sure that the number of local gigs we present compares quite favourably with CJISF (the other college radio station).

With all this in mind, I question that these people found their opinions on. Is it so gross because their friends' bands keep getting knocked out of Shindig!? Perhaps they are just confused with the words local talent. Not all local bands equate with "local talent." Simply because a band is from Vancouver does not deem them worthy of support (Look at the mess Seattle got

into is a problem for this band—too much of it. The Railway is just not the environment for this kind of band. The sound and doorman both retreated to the stairwell where I was recovering.

During "Jokes For Beer" I sampled one of Liane's fine tube steaks and ventured back into the club where I was accosted by a young woman who introduced herself as Elvis Love Child's manager. Apparently she was worried that the band wasn't being judged fairly because she had seen judges leave as soon as the band started to play. I assured her that I had been in the stairwell the entire time and that no judges had left the club during Elvis Love Child's set. I then asked her how she knew who the judges were. She had a "hunch." Whatever. I still don't understand why relatively "small" local bands have managers.

Finishing the evening was Eric Estrada and the Velour Nation. Catchy name. Four unassuming young chaps that delivered the most confusing set of the evening. It was pop! I'm not sure where these guys were coming from. The mix was all rhythm section (heavy on the cymbals) and the singer was a Joy Division throwback. Nonetheless, they placed first followed by Rusty Nails.

For comic relief Elvis Love Child, upset with the judges' decision, tried to pick a fight with someone they were convinced was a judge but wasn't, then set their manager loose on me again. Obviously under-qualified for her job, she began to whine and misrepresent facts. I couldn't help but wonder if it was Jason Schreurs in drag.

Justin Leigh

Ten Days Late
Stovebolt
Angry Candy
November 2, 1993

The worst thing about Shindig is having two good bands compete against each other in the preliminary rounds. On another night either would win but, because of the nature of the competition, one has to lose early in the event. Bummer.

Ten Days Late waged battle

first. Well written songs with an edge and onstage confidence helped these ladies walk away with smiles on their faces and hope in their hearts. New York pop a la Blondie meets Metallica. First place, and parents in the audience were proud.

Stovebolt were next and this was the heartbreaker. These guys rock. They're young, they're headed in the right direction and they'll only get better. "Discord recording artists" would look good in front of their name. They placed second by a single point, accepting this with class that other bands could take a lesson from. Catch them if you can.

Third place and third up was Angry Candy. Their set began with strong pop but soon fizzled into average bar band fare. This works well in the Railway Club but is not worthy of advancement in Shindig!

Justin Leigh

Deprogrammers
Sinus Envy
Delve
November 9, 1993

And the Shindig! train rolled on. The Deprogrammers, Sinus Envy, Delve and you. It is truly beautiful. This evening's performances were exceptional. Exceptional in the sense that for the first time this year the conductors of Shindig!, the judges, came to a unanimous decision as to

whom they would bestow the coveted Shindig! trophy upon.

Second in our Railway saga appeared Sinus Envy, the "damed in distress" contingent. You know, the one tied down to the railroad tracks, helpless and screaming. The onlookers scared to see the poor dear pulverized by the oncoming train belted at the same time, wailing and holding their breath until the inevitable goy end. Sinus Envy, a self-parodying group, played the joke on themselves. As a famous doorman once said, "if these guys were doing 'Jokes For Beer,' they'd get non-alcoholic beers." In the end, as the train bore down, the more Sinus Envy screamed and shuddered, the more anxious the audience was to witness the ultimate Shindig! ending: third place.

Delve: a smoking steam engine of British-style pop, comparable to Suede and the Charlatans UK, conducted the mass of enthusiastic fans on a downward spiral of musical hairpins which careened left, right, left. Although some comments suggested Delve's style is far too derivative, their musical ability and stage presence will give them a good seat to Shindig! finals. And I'm not talking in the caboose, either.

Skyler

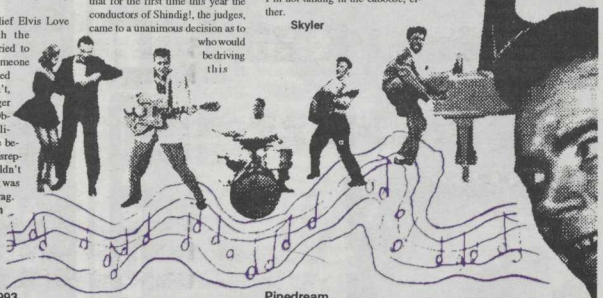
Pipedream
Aging Youth Gang
Hugo
November 16, 1993

This was the third Shindig! I've attended this year, and this night's turnout was probably the weakest yet. And this is the semi-finals. The snowball started rolling with

Pipedream, a dreamy landscape that sounded too much like Spaceman 3 for my taste. They did their own thing and didn't give a shit what anybody thought about their music, which is cool. Their lighting system brought back hallucinogenic experiences from days of old.

Next up was Aging Youth Gang: old-school punk/craw/craw preaching new world visions, such as the usefulness of *Star Trek*. They also wrote songs about killing baby boomers and being pushed around one time too many by "the man." Look for them soon in a column by Jason Schreurs, the "Mother Theresa" of local music.

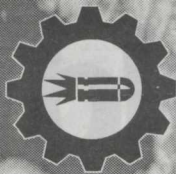
Last on stage was Hugo, who looked like vultures swooping down on rotten meat. They were a breath of fresh air after an evening that left the Railway Club smelling like dumpster juice. Their music was one-part melody, two-parts head-shaking rock-offs, and three-parts wholesome Tom Foolery...a recipe even the Frugal Gourmet could not resist. Any band who has a front man with black patent leather pants and a proudly displayed Trooper t-shirt are bound for stardom.



This week Hugo took home the curling trophy, followed by Pipedream and Aging Youth Gang. See you at the finals.

Captain Highliner





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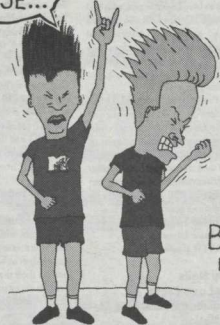
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Video Philter



TANIA BOLSKAYA

'Tis holiday time again here in the joyous land of *Discorder*, the month of year when everyone comes into our humble office with a smile on their face and a glow in their heart. It could be that their smile originates from the knowledge that they'll soon be away from this pit of ultimate terror, the glow in their heart burns from the double vodka and seven they just quaffed at yet another celebratory luncheon. But in the spirit of the season, let's be generous and attribute to everyone only the noblest of intentions.

The free time will undoubtedly be passed around unapologetically not just to happy folk at *Discorder*, but to some of our happy readers. Chances are you'll be taking some of this free time and filling it with many fulfilling hours of staring blankly at the television. Good on 'ye! There is no better mind unweaver than visual entertainment; someone else has spent months of days and billions of dollars to provide you with Don't waste too much of your hard earned loafing on TV programming.

Those screen voyagers don't care enough about you, the discerning viewer, to garner your undivided attention. Eventually, you'll have to venture forth to your local video bars, wade through the masses of screaming kids ("No, mummy, not that! *Bar-ma*"), and sift through self upon shelf of titles. I wouldn't be so cruel as to send you to the front lines, or back shelves, alone. In previous *Discorder* issues I have guided you through the wonderful video wilderness (that was an endorsement). This month we continue our trek.

This is the one season, above all others, when the ties of family bind. No matter how much you avoid your relatives during the course of the year the final few weeks of that 365-day cycle signal the necessity of at least one visit with kin, if only to pick up your coat and some few memento's graces. Thus, at this, the time of the traditional journey back to the bosom of your loved ones, let "Videophile" enlighten you as to your video options in the mammalian vein. This month's film tip? Directors with breast friends!

Seeking out breast-minded filmmakers was not as easy a task as it may sound. The advent of feminism has made the genre somewhat less than PC. Of the three directors I eventually chose all had their respective hey-days two or more decades ago and

two were never more than B movie auteurs, albeit by their own design. I discounted the James Bond series as a genre unto itself and the work of Blake Edwards as too pedestrian for the likes of *Discorder* readers and was left with only Russ Meyer, Federico Fellini, and Doris Wishman as my subjects. Have to thank the helpful lady at Videomatica on W. 4th Ave. for their assistance in discovering the work of Ms. Wishman. If they hadn't been, when told of my quest for breasts, to suggest *Deadly Weapons* and *Bad Girls Go to Hell*, I might have been forever ignorant of Wishman's contribution to the pornographic independent movie industry.

As I was informed by Joe Bob Briggs, host and creator of the "Sleaziest Movies in the World" video series, Doris Wishman was the only woman working in the bad boys game of exploitation flicks in the '60s and '70s. She made her first film in 1961 for \$20,000 and quickly found out just how much the public liked films of dubious mo-



reality. Wishman pioneered the "nudie-cam" genre in the early sixties and then moved on to "Roughies" in 1964.

Bad Girls Go to Hell (1965) is billed as a typical "Roughie." An innocent (in this context meaning incredibly stupid) woman, Ellen, is raped by her building's janitor. The janitor threatens her with exposure of her "fidelity" to her husband if she doesn't agree to come to his apartment. She does.

And in he rapes her again she kills him. Fearing arrest as a murderer she runs away to New York where she gets beaten by the first person who takes her in and reduced by the next, a lesbian. (We know she's a lesbian as soon as we see her because she's wearing the so-called lesbian uniform: a see-through, black lace body stocking.) As is usual in a Doris Wishman production there's a twist ending. Also, as usual, there are quite a few breasts.

The whole thing sounds rather disturbing on paper but the impact of *Bad Girls Go to Hell* as a harrowing indictment of the treatment of women in the pre-80s days is severely undermined by the fact that the film is so bad. It's not difficult to see what attracted audiences, however, in an era when live-action porn was not always available.

After "Roughies" Wishman moved onto "Kinkies." Feeling liberated by the box office of films made-cum-films and "Roughies," "Kinkies" featured over-the-top sexual activity. Wishman, however, stopped putting her name on her films because she didn't want to be associated with the violence.

In 1970, porn was not about to be spawned and Doris Wishman was not one to be out of step with the times. One of her shrewdest of that year was *Deadly Weapons* starring Blue-queens Cheryl Morgan. Cheryl was an Israeli actress who emigrated to America in the late 1960s and found a calling. Her TV bust line made her a marketable commodity in the country where "bigger is better" is a national motto. Regardless of the fact that 73% of flabby, sagging flesh is wholly unattractive, Cheryl became one of the biggest stars of her genre.

In *Deadly Weapons*, she plays the loving girlfriend of a mobster whose boss runs him out when he tries to run a double-cross. Cheryl hears the murder take place over the phone and decides to avenge her honey's death with the only two weapons she has. If you ever felt the need to see a woman smother men to death with her mammary glands, *Deadly Weapons* will be a worthy rent. It's certainly much more laughably than *Bad Girls Go to Hell*, but Palm D'O'or caliber it's not. Doris Wishman is the unique distinction of being the film that shot 70's porn god Harry Reems into the public eye.

The work of Doris Wishman is of dubious artistic significance but it certainly provides the budding amateur entrepreneur with a blueprint for success. All of Wishman's films made money because she provided the public with what they wanted to see (this and kinky sex) and made sure she didn't spend any money doing it. She wrote, produced, directed, cast and edited all her features. Usually, she just thought up a kinky title (*Too Much, Too Often, Deadly Agent 73*), then thought up a marketing scheme around the title and then wrote the film.

In a 1990 interview, I was suggested to Wishman that her films were early feminist statements because she often, like in *Deadly Weapons*, showed women taking

control. She laughed at the idea and said that all her girls were airheads. Doris Wishman was not so much a filmmaker as a visionary businesswoman who made films.

Halfway around the world and 180 degrees around the film spectrum, Federico Fellini, like Wishman, had his cinematic peak in the '60s and '70s. His work also featured large bodied women and small bodied ladies. And aged ladies. And young ladies. As Roger Ebert says in the 1990 version of his *Home Movie Companion*:

"If there is a central image in the work of Federico Fellini, it's of Fellini's autobiographical hero being smothered by women. They come in all shapes and sizes."

Separating the movies of Doris Wishman and those of Fellini, the only caveat I can think of is the always called talent. Often inaccessible to the average movie going audience (the poems due to the films' preference for stunningly memorable visuals over a strict narrative or an interesting plot, Fellini's pictures are deservedly placed among the cinema's great achievements by the sages in the elitist-cinema business. Through the adjective "Felliniesque" specifically describes a film with an intense optical imagination and a whimsical sensibility each Fellini fan has her/his own favorite image with which the man and his work are associated. For me, that lyrical Italian surname will always call to mind one particular scene from *Amarcord*.

Amarcord (Remember) was Fellini's most autobiographical work. It takes the viewer through a year in a "typical" rural Italian town. Action usually converges, like the bird, in the town square but the various components of the town exist elsewhere also. There are a group of adolescent lads who make life difficult for their teacher while pinning, individually and en masse, for the fading beauty queen who may or may not have had an affair with a prince but is, notwithstanding her well-preserved good looks, still single. The assorted characters and intersecting plot lines would be much too difficult to explain here but serve well in creating excuses for Fellini's incomparable imagery.

I would have to be a scribe on the level of Gabriel Garcia Marquez to be equal to the task of relating with language what Fellini can achieve on the screen. It is sufficient to say that my favorite moment of Fellinism, and one of the main reasons I love the young hero of *Amarcord* and a shopkeeper with VERY large breasts. The hero is, of course, Fellini as a boy. One night, as the woman is closing her shop, the hero ducks under the door at the last second, ostensibly to buy cigarettes. Their polite conversation gets increasingly more suggestive until the woman pulls out one of her luscious mammarys (each as about the size of the lad's head), screams, "I know you boys love them!" and pulls his face into her chest. As she suffocates she shrieks, "Suck, don't blow! Suck, don't blow!"

The hero escapes, of course, but the image remains firmly rooted in my mind.

The theme, woman's sexuality simultaneously frightening and attractive, men; repeats itself throughout Fellini's work. In features like *Amarcord*, the nostalgic tone softens the unabashed sexism of the director. However, feminism hit even Italy (machismo, breakfasters) eventually and Fellini's patronizing and objectifying attitude towards women began to come under some critical scrutiny. City of Women was his 1981 answer to that criticism.

Unfortunately, the film works neither as a vindication of Fellini nor as a damning critique for Fellini's like-minded fans. A dream in two parts, City of Women sees (the again autobiographical) hero, Guido, get off his train before his destination in pursuit of an attractive female. The train leaves without him and he finds himself at a feminist convention. For the first half of the film, Guido wanders about the convention, listening to the ranting and ravings of the liberated women. The second part takes place at an over-seventy millionaire's palace, the antithesis of the convention. As frivolous as the feminist speeches were serious, and just as silly, are the various sex pages that Guido's second half has lying around the house.

City of Women ultimately fails through Fellini's lack of respect for the subject, feminism, that it sought to discuss. However, his old-world attitude in no way discounts him as a master of the arts of the cinema. Nor does it detract a lack of respect for feminism. In the sphere of Fellini, femininity is one of the most potent, and thus terrifying, aspects of life.



When speaking of terrifying femininity on film, Russ Meyer immediately comes to mind. If there be a creative talent more obsessed with aggressive women than large breasts they have not yet crossed my ken. The proof of Russ Meyer's achievement is the existence of his work among the pulpy pleasures of many a liberated boy and girl. The synopsis of most Russ Meyer produc-

tions, *Bad Girls with Big Tits in Tight Clothes*. Run Amok, would seem to directly oppose every standard set by progressive thinking film aficionados. Watching a Meyer breast-fest, however, can be a sublime experience. For the purposes of this column I viewed *Run Amok*, *Paravoy*, *Kill Kill*, but I think this summary and critique will cover most of the Meyer library.

Three go-go dancers, Varma, Rosie, and Bobbie (their proportions are implied by their professions), drive out into the desert near LA to look for trouble and spend their nights. They get into a race with a respectable sports car freak (a certified car club member) and in the aftermath Varma strangles him. The two make his wide-eyed, bikini-clad girlfriend hostage because she witnessed the slaughter. On the way back to LA, they learn of a crippled leechman who lives with his two sons, the good one and the half-wit, and a suitcase full of cash. The car freak has a good reason to go to seek the woman depicted to seek out his hospitality and his wad.

What makes this maelstrom of bad taste so scrumptious and even somewhat acceptable to a modern woman like myself is the sense of humor the film has about itself, as well as the obvious clear-mindedness of the writer-director. Meyer is not so much woman objectified leecher of flesh. His films feature passive and aggressive women, victims and oppressors, the evil and the good. Most of Meyer's female characters have only two things in common: their lack of vivaciousness and their above average chest endowment. As he himself says, big breasts just turn him on.

Kinky dialogue turns me on and the second Meyer feature that I imbibed, *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, was full of it. You may know the forerunner Roger Ebert as the fat (he undoubtedly prefers un-belted) half of Sadek & Meyer, but in 1970 Ebert and Meyer co-wrote some of the greatest dialogue ever to have landed off the silver screen. The story of *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, about Kelly, her band, first called The Kelly Affair and then the Carie Nations, and her manager-boyfriend who journey to LA to hang in the zone with Kelly's rich aunt, exists merely to facilitate such baroque lines as "See how she gives her body to the ritual. Delicious." "Harris, you're drunk and you're stoned, and, what's more, you're a lousy lay!" and, best of all, "This is my happening and it breaks me out!"

1970 audiences worshiped the Meyer! Ebert thing to the tune of \$15 million dollars in box office receipts. From 1959, when he made *The Incredible Mr. Tass* for \$24,000 and saw a gross \$1 million, until 1979 Russ Meyer forged his way not only as an innovator in film but as an independent filmmaker. *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* and 1971's *The Seven Minutes* of his disciples were made with studio cash. All turned a profit. In the latest in *Details* magazine, Feb. 1993, the director said that he had given up on the autobiographical movie *The Breast of Russ Meyer* that he'd been working on since 1979 and was shipping around for financing a sequel to *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* which he and Ebert wrote in 1990. Not usually keen on sequels, this is one I will be watching closely for.

What's a nice feminist like me writing about a subject like this for? As long as heterosexual men have penis and access to filmmaking equipment, breasts will be featured on-screen. It's up to the discerning woman to decide which trash to vocally object to and which to fall in love with. Personally, I'm glad that the productive days of Doris Wishman, and those of her ilk, are over. Fellini will remain as a film critic but not necessarily as a female fan. Russ, you of devil you, pump one more out, just for me.





There's a lot of punk rock history in Rancid. Formed from the fertile "East Bay" scene, Rancid are made-up of two members of Operation Ivy, one from an obscure East Bay band by the name of Smog, and their most recent addition, second guitarist Lars, who actually spent some time with the U.K. Subs. One 7" on Lookout! and a full length release on Epitaph. Check out them out...

Discorder: How did the whole East Bay scene start? Rancid are obviously a product of that.

Tim: It sort of took off in '87 with Gilman Street (Maximum Rock 'N' Roll's co-operative, volunteer run all-ages venue). The scene was basically dead until then. Then bands like Crimpshane, Isocracy, Operation Ivy, Mr. T Experience, and Sweet Baby Jesus started playing a lot. After that, bands like Green Day and Saniam came along. EconoChrist and some other bands moved into the area and the scene just kind of developed around Gilman Street. Matt: Gilman Street has been there a while and it is pretty much the only

all-ages club that you can play in the East Bay. It's the most stable. Things have come and gone but that whole club has been around for six years now. Every year it's in danger of closing for some reason or another, but it's the club that won't die. It just won't die. People have tried to kill it, but it won't work, it's just there. That's a big reason why the scene is so productive, there are a lot of good bands and people are really into it.

When you all started with your bands you were all still in high school. Was it a really close knit scene or was there a lot of competition between the bands?

Tim: It started off very friendly until people started to figure out that money and attention could be made. The competition got more intense and people got a lot more competitive, and a lot more lame. As Operation Ivy, we had a lot of pressure put on us; people were straight-up jealous because we were "successful." We got a lot of heat from the scene that had built us up. People got mad because people were coming to see Operation Ivy and no one knew who these kids from the

suburbs were. A lot of bands got jealous.

These bands just didn't want to see you grow and get bigger?

Matt: They were just upset because they weren't getting bigger. Everyone started off at the same place and for whatever reasons Operation Ivy took off.

Tim: A lot of those people who criticized us, later formed pop-punk bands and tried to sell out as quickly as they could. In overview of the whole situation you just realize that they were jealous. People give Rancid shit. Fuck them, they're just jealous.

Have Rancid received any flak for putting out a record on Epitaph? It's not a major label, it is an independent, but by some Epitaph is conceived as being big and corporate.

Tim: We've had a lot of interviews with people suspecting that Lookout! are still our friends.

Matt: We have no problems with Lookout!

Lars: I guess people relate Epitaph with rock stardom. That's Bullshit.

The worst thing is to have that called at you. We're still "streetlevel," we're still sticking true to our roots. We're true to ourselves and I think that's the only thing that really matters. We're playing the music that we want to play. Whether you like it or not we're doing what we want.

Tim: Epitaph was much more interested in us than Lookout! was. Lookout! at first, didn't even really want to put out our first single. So, it's not like, "Why did you leave Lookout!?"

Matt: Lookout! are still our friends. They're still doing all of the Operation Ivy stuff. I think we'd be catching shit if we all of a sudden started playing a lot more over 21 shows; alienating a lot of people and doing shows with high priced doors. We don't really play any over 21 shows.

We don't. We'll play anywhere. We'll play any party, it doesn't make a difference to us. We're still a punk band, it doesn't really make a difference what label we're on. Epitaph lets us do whatever we want. They really don't care. I think a lot of people think that when you're on Epitaph you're going to turn into Bad Religion or something. People are going to talk shit no matter what

you do. If we were on Lookout! they'd find something to talk about. Everyone talks shit about everyone so it doesn't really make much of a difference.

Have you said a lot of your record? Is it doing well? Is it getting good reviews?

Lars: It's doing really well. Every review I've read has been positive about it. That's good, but then again I didn't play on it.

Matt: We were a three-piece for the first year-and-a-half of our existence. We did the record that way. We just recorded a 14-song demo that Lars plays on, and he'll be on the next record. Our live sound is fuller with Lars. It's easier to interpret. It just sounds a lot better. It gives us more room to jump around and sing, instead of being tied down to a mike.

The rumor that I've heard is that Green Day signed with a major label. Have they? Have they caught any flak for that?

Matt: Yeah, they did. I like Green Day, but it's their business not mine. They can do whatever they want. I'm sure someone will say some-

thing about it, but I don't think there's been a big backlash.

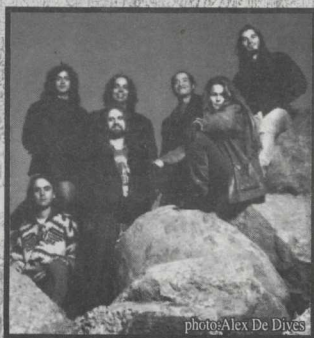
Tim: Ummm... there's been a backlash. They played a show at the Phoenix Theatre and a few people "boycotted" it by passing out leaflets that said Warner Bros. is an evil corporation and punk bands shouldn't be associated with such evil corporations. Then again, I really think that people are just jealous of Green Day and they should get a life! Get your own band going and put your own band out on an independent label and stop worrying about how Green Day does their business.

Matt: If you don't like Green Day don't go see them. If you don't like their record, don't buy it. Life is just too short to be worried about stupid shit like that.

What do you want to do with Rancid? How far do you want to take it?

Matt: We want to tour a lot. Our record should make that pretty possible. We'll see what happens. We take it one day at a time. We just want to put out good records, please ourselves, and do the things that we want to do.

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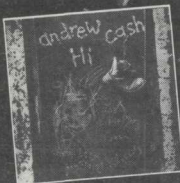
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SENT BY:Xerox Telecopier 7021 Interview by Grant Lawrence : Intro by Mike Hoffman: 5:28PM :

HORSEY

Horsey are

three-piece, lo-fi pop-fuzz band from Vancouver. They play quirky, melodic songs with energy, and they're just plain fun to watch! But be careful of Max, the drummer—at Horsey's last gig, he was found outside the show climbing on railings and jumping off of cars. Don't let them scare you, though... Let's get to know Horsey!

Discorder: Okay, tell me your names and the instruments you play.

Justice: I'm Justice and, live, I play guitar and sing a couple songs: Recording-wise I play the ukulele, keyboard and flute.

Mark: I'm Mark and I play bass and the cow, a wooden thing that goes "wumpill wumpill." Max is our drummer and he's in there yet.

The name Horsey conjures up an image of child-like innocence. Were you trying to milk the cub angle on that one?

Mark: You can't milk horses.

Justice: I'd have to say no. I thought of the name Horse first, but it just had too many obvious connotations to it.

Hah?

Justice: To heroin, I mean.

Mark: Horse is the street term for heroin.

What? I didn't know that! Wow I learn something everyday! When you thought of the name Horse, did you want any connection to heroin?

Justice: No, that's why we added the "ey." But, you know, it is kinda cutsey and innocent. It wasn't really the plan but we've had a few people say that.

Truthfully now, do any of you do heroin?

Justice: No, and Max doesn't either but when I was like 15 or 16 we used to get synthetic morphine from my friend's mom, who worked with terminally ill cancer patients.

What would you do with it?

Justice: Well, they have this pill with purple coating on it... we'd get the purple stuff off of it and there'd just be this white pill underneath. We'd chop it up, melt it down and inject it!

How did it feel?

Justice: Ahhh... warm?

Thanks for sharing that but, before I puke, back to the subject at hand. You just released a hot little 7" on Tracksun Records of Vancouver. What's that all about?

Justice: I run the label but I get a lot of help from people. Scratch helps out, Mark does the local distribution. I got the records made in the States and I do the record sleeves myself. I'm also in, or an, Punk Queen, who's 7" came out the same time as Horsey's.

What is your favorite Vancouver band right now?

Justice: I like Zumpano a lot. I think they're just about my favourite.

(Drummer Max suddenly enters, sweating profusely, in cycling gear.)

Mark: This is Max.

Hi Max.

Max: Hi Grant. You're more little than I thought you would be!

Yeah, I'm fairly small. I just got a big mouth. I guess, when I first heard your 7" I thought of bands like the Patels or the Modern Lovers, even though you're much more louder and noisier than either. Was I even remotely on target as to the grass roots of the music?

Justice: I've never heard of either of those two bands.

Max: Mark's a pretty whiny singer so the Modern Lovers thing makes sense.

Mark: I

Like the Modern Lovers a lot. We never started out with any kind of direction really. We just started.

To the best of your ability how would you describe Horsey's music?

Max: A retarded dependent.

The past projects you cats have been involved in have broken up fairly quickly: Thee Crusaders put out a double 7" and broke up. Are we as fans going to be able to grow with you or are you going to break up in two months?

Justice: I've never been in a band that has grown so much musically and individually. This has really come together. We all live together too.

One of the songs on the single is called "Nice Lungs." Is that your Dice Clay-type tune, or what? Is it about a nice pair of titles?

Justice: No, it is not about a pair of titles. It's literally about lungs. It's about taking this person you know and like and dissecting them down to what makes them work. Max: We have a tendency to over-rate the intelligence of our audience.

And what about ambitions or future plans for Horsey?

Justice: We're working on a full-length release for Tracksun and we'll be playing a lot of local shows.

Okay, thanks for your time Horsey. So, none of you do heroin, right? Horsey: Right!

Note: After this interview was completed Justice called me to include this quick apology to fans: Horsey with to sincerely apologize to all the kids who waited around to see them at Pop!, Sat., Oct. 16, when they never showed up to play. They had no way of getting their gear to the show and they promise it will NEVER happen again!

OH A LITTLE MONKEY
THAT CAN RIDE AN
ANIMAL
BRONCO STYLE.



DECEMBER

13

Good Morning! and we're not glad to hear that all these sympathetic-crazed Frogs are proliferating! In amongst the racket created by the post-Nirvana fallout, more and more youngsters have taken an interest in excess decibels. Only then do we realize that something is happening once it has moved right out of the independent sector. The critics attack with their restrictive labels and, tagging right along, the label themselves classify the artists...no one really knows what is happening and the rules of the game of "who-listen-to-next" are more and more panicky...anyway, France is contributing to the construction of the Sonic Pyramid and this non-exhaustive presentation should help convince the most sceptical and nationalist amongst you.

The most successfully exported French band comes from Angers and goes under the name of **Les Thugs**. The four-piece are featuring their best pretty well since their fifth opus will come out on Sub Pop in the Autumn. It will be recorded in Seattle and produced by Kurt Bloch...Nicholas on guitar and vocals, Manly on bass, Patrick on guitar and a very heavy drum machine: this is the Marcelline band Kill The Thrill...they love Big Black, Swans, Godflesh and give apocalyptic concerns that make them one of the best bands in the Hexagon...The Roadrunner label should agree since K.T.'s song "Hate Your World" has appeared on the *Serial Killers* compilation (along with Treponem Pal,

Parkinson Square, and others)...Go Go Organized has ceased its producing activities, but its boss Christophe has started up The Agency Le The Ecstasy, and will be co-producing Kill The Thrill's first LP with Swiss label Noise Product, as well as **Davy Jones Locker's** third effort, already recorded, give it time for a remix, and you'll find it in October...Following Davy Jones Locker, a tense and harsh sound that could remind one of The Fall, is brought to us from Thionville by the Hems. *I Dream I Was My Own Giant* contains 10 good reasons to buy it and is out on the Paris label Distortion RDS. They will also be present on the CD-comp from Amanita Productions, who also distribute many fine records from the likes of Lydia Lunch, Angry Samoans, The Ex & Tom Cora, Flipper and publications from Research, Rapid Eye and others. They are also the label and home of **Voodoo Muzak** who are fast reaching maturity. Huge process on the voices has made their *Teenage Beetles* a true success, they share this 74-

minute CD with R.W.A., who sing in French about "beetles," "zold teeth" and "the neighbour's legs." This split CD is also pretty cute with its card-

prayer. Number 10. The most recent (and ultimate) issue is out now...



Kill The Thrill

board cover and elegant booklet. The "personnel" of R.W.A. are also guilty of the publication of the dictionary of avant-garde noise: *Hello Happy Tax-*

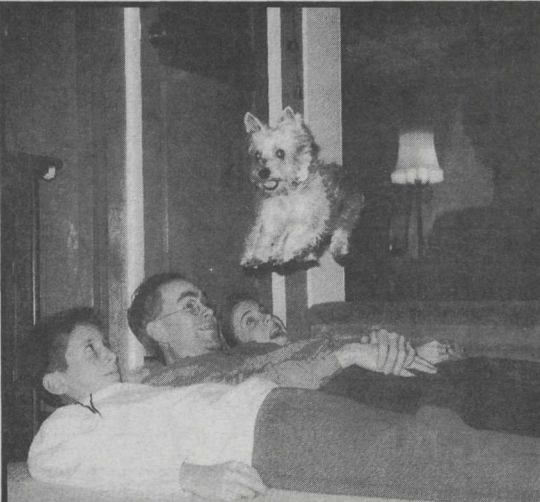
Uncontrolled is a label based in Perigueux that specializes in high-energy (and we're not talking disco!) split-singles...Four colourful and unavoidable pieces of was have so far seen the light of day: **Deity Guns/Fisherman: Burning Heads**, **Thompson Rollets**, **Wet Furs/Missing Links** and most recently **Drive Blind/Galtic Frog Diet**. A clash between Mad Monster Party and Portobello Bones and a compilation album are on their way. A classy introduction to these French bands: **Uncontrolled music** the best...**Deity Guns** hail from Lyons, their recent second album was recorded in New York under the guidance of Lee Ranaldo, and is out on the English label Big Cat. A touch too experimental for my taste, but indispensable for those who approve...**Burning Heads** are from Orleans, the French hardcore capital. Energetic and melodious, they have

just produced an album and a four-track EP on Sanctuary (a division of Fiac music): a cross between Dag Nasty and Rhythm Collision...**Thompson Rollets** have been around since '85, come from Perigueux in the South-west, and their mixture of Australian energy and melodic punk is explosive...From Bordeaux, the **Wet Furs** are speeded up rock, two new songs on the bonus single with the new issue of the fanzine **ROCK HARD... Drive Blind** are a four-piece from Nîmes whose melodies and speed-breaks conquer every time. Two guitars, first auto-produced, solid rhythm, held together by a direct and scratchy voice. Two songs, an adaptation of "Kick Out The Jams," and the glorious "The Hammer" appear on a compilation CD, prepared by the singer of the band Tabasko, on his label **Mars Attack** in the company of the Cellulose Rifle and other French bands, plus a first album out in September and produced by Keat Steadman on Pandemonium RDZ...**Galtic Frog Diet** is the new band formed by the drummer of Parkinson Square. Their first auto-produced four-track CD on Rotation Sound is comparable to The Lemonheads or Husker Du for its energy: strength, violence and beauty are all on this disc. An album is in the running and a recent concert of theirs has left me more than impatient...**Mad Monster Party** are more traditional in nature although capable of surprising and welcome electronic accelerations. They are from Angoulême and have two albums out on Black Et Noir...Back to Orleans, to the sound of the very

promising **Portobello Bones** who have nothing to lose and play heavily, very heavily on the card of the powerful melody. They share an EP with **Concrete Idea**, and will split another with the Americans **Distorted Pony**, from the stables of Bomp, and around November, their first album...

Slowly but surely the fanzine **Hyacinth** is penetrating into the ether spheres with the help of their thorough and passionate articles/interviews. 100 pages for their "Eleventh Blooming" presenting **Dwarves**, **Midhouse**, **7 Year Bitch**, **Helmet**, **Sehadou**, **Molvias**, **Mummies**, **Coronerish**, **Helios Creed**, tons of record reviews (complete with mail order addresses, no more drooling on impossible-to-obtain records!), Color cover, cartoons and original drawings; what more can one ask for...**X-Rated** is the vicious and tortured result of the reunion of the trio **Leon (voz/gr)**, **Alex (be/voz)** and **Dr Rhythm** (drum machine). They swear by **Helmet** and **Jesus Lizard**, come from Montpellier and their 5-track demo is intense and strong. Aggressive tales auto-produced from these "terrorists of Noiz"...Equally noisy is the sound coming from the instruments of the **Angers band Cut The Navel String**, cold and pitiless, their music is an industrial symphony of sharpened metal orchestrated by **Van Buren**. An album is on its way...And, dallying in Angers for a while, we find ourselves in the company of the **Dirty Hands** with two LPs out on **Black Et Noir**, and a third in preparation, produced, again, by Ted Nelson...A few members of the **Wet Furs**, feeling the need for some powerful and tense emotions are kicking out the jams with **Mush**. A band that hardly leaves one the time to think, given their energy and speed...From Sete, **Tabasko** are also set into noisier work! They produce pink rock tinged with Australian rage and startling maestria. Their 11-song tape **Blood Is My Heritage** is just asking to be vampirized, and believe me, is strong-tasting...A very interesting address is to be found with **Katakomb**: specialized in distribution, their catalogue is very complete, with hundreds of references ranging from **Alternative Tentacles** to **Dischord**, **Babes in Toyland** through to **Gut Huffer**, from **Mono Men** to **Big Black**. So if you'd like to export your productions, contact **Nathalie**...the **Pungy Sticks** have just brought out the album **Shadow Earth** on **Smash It Up**, a division of **New Rose**. 39 minutes of "Seventy-ish Grunge": better on stage than on record, they remain listenable...**Wall Spotted** are darker and more industrial, the four songs on their first single leave one to expect some interesting vinyl, and we are a long way from forgetting their insane cover of **Einsturzenende Neubauten's** "Zerkowze Zeile" during a loud and feverish night...**Tits For Tat**, **The Electric Buttlocks'** demo arriving from Montpellier, presents 10 songs heavy with vertiginous breaks. A convincing product whose mastery and discipline brings to mind **Fugazi**. True talent waiting for the signing...

From Blois come **Bubble** with **PP Punk Rock Songs**, punctuated with covers of **The Dwarves**, **Bad Religion**, **Screaming Weasel** and **The Muffs**. A delight in which screaming



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guitars balance the singer's approximate English... *Violence*, the well-meaning fuzzie, features in its number 9... *Scavord*, a two-partner, Tommyknockers, Mono Men, Djohazad, Joyriders and others. One of their writers works for the label Split and plays with *Shit For Brains* in Clermont Ferrand, whose tape contains two unequal but promising songs... *Tchayk* are from Marseilles and attack Mudhoney and The Dwarves with the fury of youth, also producing interesting and energy-laden originals. Unattainable and without complexes, watch this space... The noise of guitars strung together by *Mushroom* from Montpellier lights around our ears, a perfect balance between fuzz, wah-wah and distorted noise for a second demo tape showing a band on its way up: natural people who cover Jon Spencer, Last Drive and the "ecstatic" "Death Valley '69": fast-maturing sonic youth... *Shaking Dolls*, who maintained a lengthy silence after their single and album on Black & Noir, have just recorded a demo that is excellent on hearsay but will only be circulated when they have come to a decision on a possible split... While in Angers, they Shaking Dolls are playing with two ex-Death Row B and have produced a brutal formation going by the name of *Spere Product* compilation uniting a good crop of French HC and containing a information-stuffed colour booklet... While on the subject of compilations we have only briefly spoken of the *Serail Killers Volume 1*, out on Roadrunner. Great cover, 8-page booklet, an attractive cassette containing eleven jewels; the less well known bands (Pore, Kill the Thrill, Cashab Club, Condense, Thompson Rollets and The Navel String) shining rather brighter than the better known ones who have accustomed us to flashier stuff... In the same vein, *Pandemonium* will be starting in October a series of CD compilations given over to French Punk Hardcore Noise: *The French Radical History*. Most of the bands spoken of in the article will be contributing a pair of songs to volumes 1 and 2, a good soundtrack to this verbal cacophony! *Pandemonium* also publish the fuzzie *Kinetic Vibes*, ranging from Garage to Noise: each issue contains one vinyl and 56 pages of sonic fury, number two should be out shortly. *Kinetic Vibes* has just released "Electric Caravan", an international compilation CD offering 76 minutes of intensity. Only unreleased material from W.L. Alexander. T o m y

After an interminably long wait *Condense* from Lyons have at last produced a new tape. Three fuzzed-out hardcore songs, and *Air Conditioned*, 10 atmospheric and heavy as you could wish for, forminates also on the *Serail Killers* compilation. They have recorded 5 songs which should appear on their first mini-CD plus one other to appear on a US compilation on *Ecstasy* RDS... A trio from Marseilles is ravaging our ears at the moment: *Tex Willer*, their 5-track tape builds its strength from the straight line they have drawn from *Slit* to *The Jesus Lizard* through *Evol-era* S. Youth. Drum machine, electric violin, "chores", 8 "cries" plus they are getting ready to out-produce a CD... *Queer*, "three guitarists and a drum machine" from Aix-en-Provence missed fragments of *The Minutemen*, *Black Flag*, *Swans*, *Omen*, *Coleman*, *early PIL*, *Tackhead* and *My Bloody Valentine* to produce a truly original, if often disagreeable noise that wants to prove influential on the few who heard them. "Real, don't believe us." Rumours of a reformation have been heard but not substantiated...

Two months were recently shot at us from Paris: *Sizable* propose four 4-track titles full of surprising and fiery arrangements. The Paris-New York axis takes shape, and one Arm are three girls who could well have appeared straight from a Lydia Lunch-ruled world. Nine destabilizing, cruel and screaming songs which are high above everything I've heard recently in the same style. Excellent and classy with the Paquito

Bolno-drawn cover... The new *Alban Dangeureux* is just out, as eclectic and interesting as ever: *City Slang*, *Young Gods*, *Denis Tok* of *Radio Biedma*, *Vic Bondi*, *Jazz Butcher*, and loads more plus the actual CD bonus, this time revealing some grandiose and unreleased stuff from *Drive Blind*, *Garlic Prog Diet* and various foreign bands. An issue every two months, an

Kinetic Vibes mag #2 with free EP for 100 francs including postage. What a bargain!

Jean Louis Boyer & Olivier Maury edit a zine zine dedicated to the French noisy rock scene: *Young Gods*, *Mega City 4*, *Superchum*, and most of the features in this report were in the pages of the 3 issues of 21



Voodoo Muzak

excellent way to get your activities publicized around these parts. And they distribute records... The tape-compile-difficulties amongst you shouldn't miss the *Spere Product* compilation uniting a good crop of French HC and containing a information-stuffed colour booklet... While on the subject of compilations we have only briefly spoken of the *Serail Killers Volume 1*, out on Roadrunner. Great cover, 8-page booklet, an attractive cassette containing eleven jewels; the less well known bands (Pore, Kill the Thrill, Cashab Club, Condense, Thompson Rollets and The Navel String) shining rather brighter than the better known ones who have accustomed us to flashier stuff... In the same vein, *Pandemonium* will be starting in October a series of CD compilations given over to French Punk Hardcore Noise: *The French Radical History*. Most of the bands spoken of in the article will be contributing a pair of songs to volumes 1 and 2, a good soundtrack to this verbal cacophony! *Pandemonium* also publish the fuzzie *Kinetic Vibes*, ranging from Garage to Noise: each issue contains one vinyl and 56 pages of sonic fury, number two should be out shortly. *Kinetic Vibes* has just released "Electric Caravan", an international compilation CD offering 76 minutes of intensity. Only unreleased material from W.L. Alexander. T o m y

Knockout, Devil Dogs, Bevis Frond, Sick-Rose, Lost Patrol, Worst, Outta Place, Cryptones, La Secta, Etc... all in all 23 groups from ten different countries. Plus it includes a 12 page booklet with info, pictures, and addresses of the bands. The full-color cover was drawn by Darren Merinuk from Winnipeg. Areal must-have! Order the CD for 80 francs (about \$13 US), or the comp and

Again, they've just issued a nice tape compilation proposing XXX- Rated, Cut The Navel String, Jug, Drive Blind, and various other acts. A nice effort... I like people who dare to shout their opinion, and support a good cause! *Mega Sonic Boom Blast* fight for the rights of Native American Indians. They hail from Paris, have two singles out, and their name only, promises a blast. Their music itself is neither noise nor hardcore, though it borrows from their strength & creativity, mixing them with rock. Thought-provoking and intense... still from Paris, a band whose bass player also writes for *Hyacinth*, *Heliogabale* evokes a Silverfish suffering from electric spasm. A female singer capable of singing in Russian, German or English above distressing rhythms... One last thing, before letting you start writing & listening to all these groups, NEVER TRUST NOR WORK with "Le Silence de la rue/Melodie distribution." They're crooks only interested in fame and your money.

Of course all these bands owe a debt to their American predecessors, but all are succeeding to digest these influences and vomiting out some super-sonic bile that is all their own and blows away any chip that may have weighed French shores down... Ready for anything, our sonic legions are gearing up for the assault on more or less well founded prejudices that are to be found: a crusade leading to the limits of rock...

ADDRESSES:

21 Again/Olivier Maini-100 chemin St-Marie-13014 Marseille
Mega Sonic Boom Blast: Thierry Perrin-42 rue du Mostier

93300 Aubervilliers
Heliogabale: Viviane Morrison-9 avenue Gambetta-75020 Paris
Pandemonium/Kinetic Vibes Magazine: Philippe Petit-8 place des Marseillaises 13001 Marseille
Les Thugs: Christophe Davy-1 rue Maurice Blanchard-49000 Angers
Kill the Thrill: Marilyn Togonelli-11 rue Estelle-13001 Marseille
Davy Jones Lockers: Pierre Lechvin-20 rue des Poitiers-25200 Montbéliard
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Thompson Rollets: Jean Jacques-Didier-79 rue Parmentier-24000 Périgueux
Wet Fur/Mash: Gilles Favard/Garigues-8 rue de la Villette 75019 Paris
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The Agony in the Ecstasy: 12 rue Frochet 75012 Paris
Mushroom: Benodict Gracia/6 place Bousquet de Bernard 34000 Montpellier
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TO THE LIMITS OF ROCK IN France



Drive Blind

BY PHILIPPE PETIT OF KINETIC VIBES

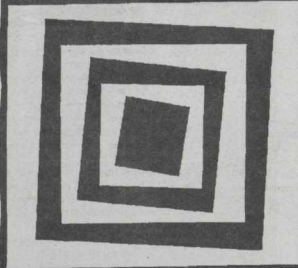


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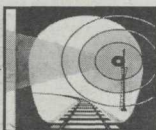
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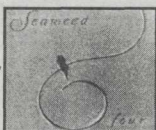
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BUZZCOCKS

In 1976 the Buzzcocks provided the emerging British punk scene with a juxtaposed version of coolness. They melded pop song structures with abrasive guitar sounds and emerged as one of the most revered bands of that prolific era.

By Steve Miller

Two art students from Manchester, Howard Devoto and Pete McNeish (later to become Shelley), were the original Buzzcocks. They soon secured a rhythm section through an ad in the local music paper.

"When we started, it [the popish nature of their songs] was just something that was naturally there," Shelley explains. "We didn't set out to be more melodic than the lads, we just played music that we liked."

The Buzzcocks were one of the first bands to release their own record, in accordance with the DIY ethic that was running rampant at the start of the punk era. A four-song 7", *Spiral Scratch* was put out by the band on their own label, New Hormones, in February of 1977 and did well. The sleeve was a crudely reproduced black and white photo and the music was well presented, knee jerk discontentment filtered up from London.

"*Spiral Scratch* was the first independent record that people really wanted," says Geoff Travis of the now defunct distributor Rough Trade.

It soon became apparent that Shelley's was the voice that would fit with the image the Buzzcocks had created for themselves: love song-oriented pop band with a discernible guitar edge. Devoto left to form Magazine, and went on to a semi-successful career as a recognizable cerebral musician.

"It was really a matter of everyone moving sideways," Shelley says. "I went to the middle of the stage and took over vocals. Steve [Diggles] went from bass to guitar, and we got a new bass player, [Steve] Garvey."

The Buzzcocks were anything but cerebral. They were a pure and

heavy band with a profound sense of simplistic melody. That combination found the musically apt youths on the winning edge of the new movement. After getting signed in England to UJA, the Buzzcocks released their first charting single, "Orgasm Addict" in November of 1977. Three great albums, *Another Music in a Different Kitchen*, *A Different Kind of Tension*, *Love Bites*, and a continual barrage of UK radio friendly singles copied the Buzzcocks a spot in music history. Their steady procession of singles is explained by Shelley as "the fact that nobody wanted to risk a lot of money on us for a lot of albums."

The early US Buzzcocks' were strained, to say the least. There were numerous no-shows and booking snafus. They were rumored to be the opening band for Joy Division's US tour in 1979 but the tour was cancelled when Joy Division singer Ian Curtis took his own life the night before that group's departure for the US. When the Buzzcocks did make it to our shores the temperamental nature of the band made the performances stilted, as they tended to wear the emotion of the moment on their sleeves. Shelley remembers the early tours of the states well, with a terse word.

"Hectic," he says. "I wasn't quite ready for America. I didn't have the right mental state to approach it the way it has to be done. American audiences have an enthusiasm I had never seen before. We didn't do all of America at that time; we did both sides of it but we tended to miss the middle."

By 1980 the Buzzcocks had a sizable discography and some extensive touring experience. They were instrumental in turning the new wave momentum into the steady, yet chaotic, treadmill of record-tour-repeat. The band continued to work the singles angle, releasing more charting



singles than any other punk band. Their series of 1980 singles, starting with "Are Everything" b/w "Girl at the Chainstore," set about a somewhat new marketing strategy for selling such an able singles band.

"That particular series of singles were meant to be an album by installments," Shelley says. "The idea was to do a half-dozen singles throughout the year then at the end of the year, some other songs would be mixed in with the singles for the album."

The album would never materialize. The band went their separate ways in 1980 and only frontman Shelley continued a prominent musical profile, going on to techno-dance hideout with "Telephone Operator" and "Homosapien." Guitarist Steve Diggles made several attempts at music credibility but he found mostly resistance and cries of "Buzzcocks"

at every turn. When Shelley found his solo career slide coinciding with a resurgence of interest in the formative years of the punk movement, it was decided that a Buzzcocks reunion would be a timely and prudent move. After all, they all enjoyed the music, it was merely a break the band desired at the breakup point initially.

"When we split up the first time we all felt like we needed a break," Shelley says. "The break could've been for one year but it ended up being eight. We picked right up again when it seemed like the time was right. And playing the songs again after all that time was like returning to one's childhood, really."

"What got us really going were rumors in late-1989 that the band was back together. Our old agent heard the same rumors and called to offer

us a tour. So I phoned everybody up and it came together. We got together and did a four week tour of the states. Natural as that."

At the outset of the regrouping all four of the original members joined, but the rigors of touring made drummer John Maher a casualty after a few months. He now has a business customizing Volks wagons, a decidedly less stressful occupation than pounding the skins. Garvey lasted 2 1/2 years when he decided family was his calling. The band recruited a new rhythm section through audition a year ago, selecting Tony Arber and Phil Barker ("They used to be in the audience when we were on stage," says Shelley).

After a couple of tours the band got back to writing some new material. Some of those songs were recorded in early-1991, in anticipation of a record deal that never materialized. The band found writing to be more challenging than it was when all was new over a decade ago, Shelley explains.

"Well, when you write a song that sounds really good now, you think, 'surely it must be somebody else's.' But after playing it for a few people and they don't say anything you have to figure you're OK. If they fail we'll probably get some letters from a few lawyers. Of course, if we had a good attorney he would probably be sending out a few letters on our behalf."

The Buzzcocks' old American label, IRS, decided that it would be a prudent move to re-release some of the old hits. *Operator's Manual* was released in 1992 and contains a slew of the band's oldies. There is also an unavailable box set containing 200 minutes worth of old Buzzcocks material, some rare, some previously released.

"It seems too bad that the label

just sat on that old material for so long," Shelley says. "It's not right when people can't get hold of records that should be released. There's nothing as sad as a deleted record."

The new Buzzcocks release, *Trade Test Transmissions*, is their debut for Caroline. Some of the songs have been honed for 2-3 years while others are fresh to the recording session. The US single, "Do It," is supported by a video directed by U2 video director John Klein. *Transmissions* is no departure from offerings. The music is still the simple and urgent love drama that the band made their own when they bridged the gap between pop and punk, and helped coin the resultant homogenized moniker of power-pop. The use of background vocals is admittedly heavier than the previous material "but we aren't as extreme as Queen or somebody," says Shelley. The five Diggles-penned songs are fast-paced, sonic, Top 40 aspiring songs, while the fanatical Shelley tempos and textures fill the remaining 10 cuts. Gone is the direct separation of left/Diggles guitar, right/Shelley guitar, and the sound is clean and pure.

The scenario of music has changed considerably since the inception of the Buzzcocks, and the strains of "Breakdown" filled the Roxy or the Electric Circus. The media is more informed, the audience is considerably younger, but Shelley seems unperturbed by the change in musical climate. While the band's back catalog has introduced the Buzzcocks to a brand new generation of music fans it also presented convincing testimony to the band's timeless songwriting talents. The material sounds as fresh as it did over a decade ago. Shelley acknowledges the high side of mass acceptance of new music.

"I think the evolution of alternative music is a good thing. I'm happy that alternative has put distortion back on the radio."

Go figure...just when you thought it was safe to go outside and roam without your mom or dad in tow, SNFU releases a new album and you're resigned to hanging out in your bedroom for another six months, or so, 'til the welts and sores heal over. Yup, Canada's reigning kings of punk rock (?) have returned to the fold with not only a new album (released this time on Epitaph—that's punk rock), but with some fresh facial hair, courtesy of the Edmonton Oilers, and some new boots and boxer shorts. Megan Mallett caught up with bassist Starbuck Johnson and guitarists Muc and Bunnt Belke at a factory on the outskirts of town to discuss the new album, life in Vancouver, the Oilers and what it's like to have been around longer than the dirt on the back of your neck.

—Garnet Timothy Harry

Disorder: A couple of years back you were pretty much left for dead with Chi coming to Vancouver and starting up again on his own. Then out of nowhere SNFU are alive and well and living in Vancouver. What sparked the move to Vancouver and the reformation of the band?

Bunnt: OK, SNFU broke up in '89. Chi moved out here probably to get away from us. Nah, he just moved out here for whatever reasons and he started doing...The Wongs and Little Joe. And about one and a half years after we broke up we had the brilliant idea of getting back together. At the time, we were just gonna come out here and jam. So we came out here; me, Muc, and Curtis were living in Edmonton. We had the tour [scheduled] and we weren't sure if we were gonna get back together or not, but we were gonna do the tour regardless. We rehearsed for a week, went on tour and then, after the tour was done—it went really, really well—we decided to keep going, to get back together. Once we moved out here we officially got back together. We got a new bass player [Starbuck], wrote a whole bunch of songs and toured a few more times.

The break-up didn't have anything to do with the Oilers and their internal problems?

Muc: No...nothing.
Bunnt: Most of their internal problems started when we left that town, I think. Muc: That's right. That's when all the trouble started.
Bunnt: Wow, you had to bring up the Oilers didn't you?

What role, if an important one, do you feel sports has in the rock 'n' roll scheme of things?

Muc: I don't know. They're similar in the way that they're both entertainment, I guess, but I think they're two separate entities.

Bunnt: But there are probably a lot of people who like sports and a lot of people who like music.

Muc: Yeah.
Bunnt: Yeah. I like hockey and I like music but I don't like hockey because of music.

Muc: Yeah, in sports there is a lot of pride

and people become real fans of a team. I don't know if it's the same as music because, speaking for myself, I like all different types of music. I like country bands, and rock bands, and reggae bands, and so on. And I hate figure skating and curling, and I don't like football that much.

Bunnt: But what about skateboarding? Is skateboarding a sport? Would that be included in the question?

Sure, you could consider skateboarding a sport.

Bunnt: I don't know if it could be considered a sport but it did have an influence on the music I got into when I was younger, sure.

Muc: Sports usually involve a contest and I don't think music is a contest. Music is an expression of yourself, an artistic expression, so they're different that way.

Do you think Nolan Ryan went out the way he should have? Or should he have hung it up after last season?

Muc: I think if Nolan Ryan knew he was going to end like that, or know he was going to have such a poor season, I don't think he would have played this year. **Bunnt:** 'Cause we went down to see his last game and he didn't pitch long enough to get into the stadium and see him throw a ball.

Do you think John Kruk should have changed his pants in the World Series when they were ripped?

Bunnt: No.
Muc: I like his style. I admire him. He's real. I have no problems with ripped pants.
Bunnt: It's like if he gets his shirt dirty. Should he change his shirt? No. You brush off the dirt and keep on going.
Muc: But he ripped his pants and he wore the same pants the next game.

Bunnt: The next game? Did he?
Muc: Yeah, but they were sewn up. A lot of players are superstitious about things like that.

Bunnt: Do you think he should have changed his pants?

No, it doesn't really matter. It was up to him. If they were sewn up, that's fine.

Bunnt: Yeah, but there's probably twenty-five pairs of pants and he could have just got a brand new pair.
Muc: Save the planet, man.
Bunnt: That's right.
Muc: Fashion, who needs it?
Bunnt: It was probably a superstition thing. Those were his lucky pants and he couldn't just change them.

If the Phillies had won, would Lenny Dykstra have been the MVP?
Bunnt: Definitely.
Muc: Yes.
Bunnt: He should have been MVP despite the fact that they lost.
Muc: And Mitch Williams should have been the World Series MVP.

Some would say that your recent signing with Epitaph is akin to moving from the minors to the big leagues without all the big label pressure. Do you think that's true?

Muc: No. We had nothing to lose by signing to Epitaph. We were talking to a few major labels and it seemed like it was gonna take awhile to get the record out, a couple of months to negotiate the deal, so on and so forth. I think we had more to lose from going and hopping on a major than we did with Epitaph.

Bunnt: Basically, Epitaph sincerely wanted to put out our music more than any other label. That's the main reason we went with Epitaph. And if they're more interested in our music then they'll be behind it more, promote it more, and put up with our problems more. Epitaph, basically runs their label like a major label does, but it's not the size—the amount of promotion they do and the way they promote the record is like a major label. Even as far as we did a video. It was our decision to make the video but we had to pay for it. Even if you're on a major, every time you do a video it comes out of the band's money. They were like, "OK, it's your money, you can do what you want." They put up whatever percentage of the money for the video but we can do, pretty much, what we want, I guess. Yeah, we're lucky aren't we? No big league pressure.

With the new album [Something Green and Leafy This Way Comes] do you feel like this is a new beginning or is the music on this album a continuation of the SNFU of old?

Muc: Oh, I think it's a continuation of where SNFU kinda 'left off'.
Bunnt: But as far as the line up goes, we have a new rhythm section. Dave [Rees, drummer] has only been in the band a year and Starbuck has been with us since February. In that way, compared to the band five years ago, it's different.

Muc: It's not really a drastic change in attitude or in musical direction, we approach music the exact same way we did before.

Bunnt: It's slightly more refined.

Muc: Yeah. It's been five years between this record and the last one, and we've never stopped playing music, so it's a little more mature, arrangement-wise and guitar playing-wise. If you compare the guitar playing on the new album to the

first album there's a big difference.

So is it better being on a label run by people who actually know what it's like to be in a band rather than one that is run by those who only see it from the outside and don't have that experience?

Muc: Definitely.
Bunnt: Yeah, mind you, every label we've been on has been run by musicians. Wait, no, Cargo wasn't.
Muc: I guess if you're on a label that's run by a musician, or people that play in bands, they have a better understanding of what your needs are, economically speaking and so on.

And you had complete freedom?

Bunnt: Pretty much. If there was something that Brett [Gurewitz, Epitaph honcho] really hated he'd let us know. I don't know if we'd change it, but...complete freedom within reason. If we wanted Ted Templeman [Van Halen producer, most notably to produce our album we couldn't do that because it would cost a hell of a lot of money. But we didn't want Ted Templeman. The production of the album's great anyway.

Whose decision was it to record in L.A. rather than in Vancouver?

Bunnt: The main reason to do it in L.A. was 'cause Brett, who runs the label, owns fifty percent of a studio down there and it's a good studio to record in. Since he owns half of it we got a really good deal recording there. That's pretty much where most of Epitaph's records are produced and everything else came out sounding good so it seemed like the logical thing to do.

Was it better to be holed-up there together rather than be distracted by the regular goings-on at home?

Was it better being holed up there together?

Muc: It didn't work out so bad.
Bunnt: It was OK. We had an apartment. We all slept together in this apartment for a month. I don't know if there were less distractions but there probably were because if we had done it here there'd be friends calling up the studio and stopping by. We have no friends down there. All we did for the first week was go to the studio and then come home to our apartment. It got out of hand after that. Then we found out which bars to go to.



By Megan Mallett

Something Green and Leafy This Way Comes refers to what? Spinach, or... Muc: It's a spinach reference. Satan's holding a can of spinach on the front cover and that's where the general idea came from. The original working title was *A Spinach Eater's Descent into Hell*, or something like that, which we all argued about.

Buntt: Or *The Road to Hell is Paved with Spinach*. But that's eight words, so...

Why do all of your album titles have seven words?

Buntt: Coincidence.
Muc: It's because...
Buntt: ...Phil Esposito was number seven when he played for the Bruins. Is that why?

Muc: Yeah, I think so.

Bad Religion, who are also on Epitaph, were recently picked up by Atlantic and things look good for them. Do you ever think about the big majors coming your way and the decisions you would have to make if that happened?

And do you think your involvement with Epitaph helps you at all in attracting a big-wig in a bad suit?

Buntt: I don't think about major labels coming and asking us. If it happens, it happens. I'm not going to lose sleep over it. I'd just like to be successful. I'd just rather put out a couple of records that I feel good about.

Muc: We started the band just to have some fun. To be honest, now it's probably a little more financially motivated. I like to think that people come out to

market has opened up a lot. Some of the bands being signed right now are definitely not very mainstream.

Buntt: The major labels are not like they were, say, twenty or fifteen years ago. I think that if they went and signed SNFU, who has been around for ten years, they're gonna sign us for what we've done in the past. I don't think they'd sign us and then say, "You gotta slow your songs down," or anything like that. They'd sign us for what we are, I think.

Muc: SNFU already sounds pretty mainstream compared to other punk rock bands.
Buntt: Oh, yeah. Music, in general, has changed...
Muc: I'm not saying we are a mainstream band, or anything...
Buntt: We're a punk rock band and punk rock is pretty mainstream, compared to how it was ten years ago. Like, you hear Ministry on beer commercials now and they're pretty heavy, right?

Muc: They're fuckin' heavy.

Being the reigning Kings of Canadian Punk Rock, do you feel like you have some sort of reputation to live up to?

Buntt: I don't know. Are we thereigning Kings of Punk Rock?
Muc: I don't know if we are. Do you

think we are?

Yeah, sure you are.
Buntt: Are we? Cool. Bow down to the Kings of Punk. Well, I don't know. There are some bands I've seen in the past who were supposed to be amazing... and you always have expectations when you go to see them play. Sometimes you get let down.

I think about that.
Muc: But what's our reputation?
Buntt: We're a punk rock band? I don't

What about your other band?
Buntt: What, Pepe Deluxe? Nah, we're just so fucking heavy that we can't play acoustic.
Muc: We are booked for "Unplugged" though, I think, next month.
Buntt: Pepe Deluxe on "Unplugged"?

Muc: No, that's a lie. A straight-out lie. You know they have "Plugged" on MTV now. Bad Religion was on last week.

Muc: On what?
Buntt: "Plugged." For 120 minutes these bands play as electrically as possible, I guess.

How do you feel about that?
Muc: Well, it's a lie. A straight-out lie. You know they have "Plugged" on MTV now. Bad Religion was on last week.

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peers. I'd like to walk down the street and have people shake my hand and go, "Mark Belke, SNFU. All right."

Buntt: Has that ever happened to you?
Muc: No.

Buntt: That happened to me once. I was in the West Edmonton Mall and this kid came up to me and goes, "I just wanna shake your hand." And I said, "Why?" And he goes, "I know who you are and I just wanna shake your hand." He walked up, shook my hand and walked away.

Did you mind?
Buntt: I thought that was totally cool because he didn't flip out. He just wanted to shake my hand and that was it.

So do you get many autograph-seekers and how do you feel about them?
Muc: After shows, but not just walking down the street.

Buntt: I think they're great. It hasn't gotten to the point where they're driving me crazy. Not like somebody extremely famous, say Eddie Vedder, walking down the street and getting mobbed.
Muc: He can't deal with it. He can't deal with his fame. He sees himself on TV and he breaks out. He's just looking for sympathy.

Buntt: We haven't gotten to that point. We're so lucky we're not rich and famous.

Is it frustrating knowing that you've been out there slugging away for ten years and have gained moderate suc-

What's your favourite place to eat when you're on the road?

Muc: Poncho Bien (sic) in San Francisco has awesome burritos—the best burritos in the world. There's also a cafeteria chain in Texas called Lilly's (sic) that's really good.

Buntt: I like the Big Chief burritos in California.

Muc: Yeah, Mexican food in California is the best. The Waffle Houses in Arizona are great.

Buntt: No. They're good the first time, but...

So you've been all over the states?

Buntt: Yeah, we've driven through almost all of them and played in about half of them.

Where are you most popular?
Muc: Definitely, Canada.

Buntt: But we do pretty well in California and Detroit.

Muc: Minneapolis is pretty good. Buntt: We can get shows all over but we tend to be best in California. Canada is the best. When we got back together, after two years, everyone in Canada still knew who we were. In America it wasn't quite the same. They kind of forgot about us.

When it's all done, how would you like the SNFU tombstone to read?

Buntt: The epitaph?



Back of the van photo by Eric Thorkelson

Starbucks: Here lies SNFU and why not?

Is there anything else you'd like to say?
Muc: Go and buy our new record and come and see us play.
Buntt: We play at 868 Street on December 17.

Anything else?

Buntt: Yeah. Jason Schreurs is a weenie. He can write whatever he wants; he just wrote about Twelve Eyes and why they weren't signed to Epitaph instead of us, because they sound more like the other bands on that label. Has he ever thought that maybe they signed us because of the fact that we sound different?

You wouldn't want to?
Buntt: No, we would if it was a good deal. If it was a deal that we liked. But I'm not gonna live or die without one, that's for sure. When it comes

down to it, a major label, if you can get a good deal, would be great to have.

You wouldn't be worried about becoming too mainstream?
Muc: No, I think the whole

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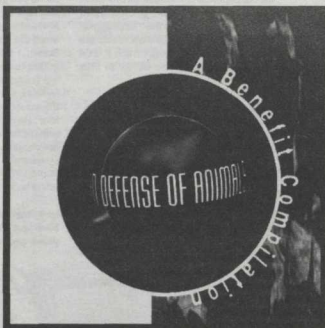
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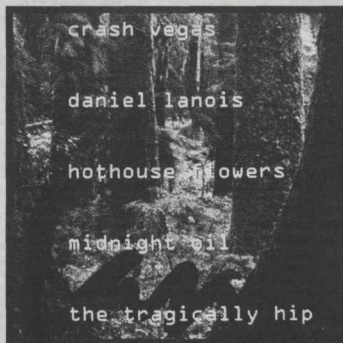
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In April of this year, the provincial government of British Columbia announced that logging would be permitted in 74% of the virgin rain forests in an area known as Clayoquot Sound, killing thousands of ancient cedar trees via a brutal land-clearing process called clear-cutting.

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THE CLASSICAL BEAT



By John Brunstein

In opening for this month's piece at the classical music scene I should firstly acknowledge a small error in last month's Classical Beat. Near the top of the second column I mention Beethoven and Handel (b. 1685-d. 1759) in the context of the early 19th century; this should read Beethoven and Haydn, but somewhere between my mind and the keyboard a mutation occurred. Presumably this is due to the EMF produced by my rather old monitor; in any event I can reassure all of you reading this that in the future I will wear a lead suit while writing to avoid resurrecting any more composers. But enough of this, on with the music!

In last month's column I mentioned an up-coming Early Music Vancouver concert featuring Andreas Staier performing works by an unspecified Haydn and Mozart. If you guessed these to be F. J. Haydn and W. A. Mozart, then you turned out to be right. The concert was held at 8:00 PM November 5th in the Recital Hall of the UBC Music building before a nearly sold-out audience. It seems that Mr. Staier has a rather good reputation as a soloist both with harpsichord and fortepiano, the instrument employed for this concert.

This should not be confused with the modern piano, as the two neither look nor sound the same. The fortepiano is a sort of transition keyboard instrument between the earlier harpsichord (in which depression of a key causes the internal strings to be plucked, resulting in a sharp, harp-like sound, thus the name) and the modern pianos (in which the key causes a hammer to hit the strings, which is then silenced by a damper when the key is released). In the fortepiano, a small harpsichord-like case encloses a system where the keys operate hammers, but without the same complex pedal-operated dampers present in the piano. The resulting sound is brighter than the piano and with more dynamic range than the harpsichord. Two major schools of artisans produced fortepianos during the lifetimes of Haydn and Mozart these being Walter and Schanz (with Stein and Stricker). Haydn is known to have greatly preferred the Schanz design, and Mozart was highly impressed with it as well. Both composers wrote a good deal of their keyboard music specifically for this sort of instrument, and although today such pieces are often performed on the regular piano they do not sound quite the same.

It was thus a real pleasure to have a replica of a 1785 Schanz fortepiano (owned by the UBC School of Music) for this performance. The program opened with three works by Haydn: the Sonata in C major op. 48,

the Andante con Variazione in F minor op. 6, and the Sonata in E Flat Major op. 49. While Haydn in general was fond of putting little surprises into his orchestral works, these three solo pieces were exceptionally full of sudden stops, pauses, and changes of theme to keep the listener's interest. Even the actual form of the first Sonata was unusual, with none of the movements being in what is known as the "final" sonata style. It is easy to imagine Haydn writing these pieces almost to amuse himself. After the intermission Mr. Staier performed W. Mozart's Praeludium and Fuga in C Major and Sonata in F Major, both dating from 1782 or thereabouts. As one might guess from the name, the first of these was a work of the older counterpoint style as often employed by the likes of J.S. Bach. This is of particular interest, because although Mozart had a great appreciation for this form and is known to have studied the works of Bach, he apparently found it a very hard form to compose in. The Praeludium and Fuga is thus one of the few completed works of this sort which may have from Mozart, and is clearly the very best of it.

To conclude the concert two recitatives (a movement from an unfinished Suite for Keyboard) and a Concertino, both by W. Mozart) were performed.

Mr. Staier's performance was flawless; he clearly had a great feel for the mood of the music and the brightness of the sound produced by the fortepiano allowed for its full expression in a way I doubt a regular piano could have imitated. Each of the pieces was beautifully played and distinct. If one were to look for an argument in favor of increased use of period instruments (that is, ones like the composer wrote the piece for) in modern performance, this concert would be it.

So what about this notethumb of Haydn's, which keeps popping up in his music? It seems to stem from his early years and continue throughout his long career starting from his rather humble beginnings in 1722 as the son of a cartwright in the small Austrian town of Rohrau. As a young child he is rightly noted for his ability to mimic sounds coupled with an exuberant sense of humor; supposedly at the age of four this nearly got him mistaken for the Devil by a poor local peasant, who heard the unmistakable sounds of moaning and tramping of straw in a barn which the peasant knew to be empty. The local priest was hurriedly fetched to open the barn, revealing a young boy delighted at having so fooled everyone. He was

sent at a young age to live with Mathias Frankl, a distant relative and schoolmaster, who, in spite of being quick with the staff and short on food was later remembered with gratitude by Haydn for encouraging him in his studies, especially in music. Frankl was responsible for Haydn's first public performance when shortly before a festival the kettle-drummer in Frankl's orchestra died; he ordered Haydn to fill the part, and in characteristic light-heartedness the young Franz decided to practice by tying a cloth across a flour tub kept for making bread and running through the town, pounding on the paddle-stick drum with a stick. According to the story, Frankl had to catch him and clean the flour dust off hurriedly in order to get Haydn to the procession on time, although he did it this way. (Henceforth I'm not making any of this up.) At the age of seven, his performance in a church choir was heard by a Viennese choirmaster who was sufficiently impressed to offer him a place the following year in the choir of St. Stephen's Cathedral. He spent the following nine years there, learning the basics of composition from the choirmaster. At eighteen, Haydn's voice changed and he was expelled

from the choir. He spent the next two years wandering and often living in the open; desperate for money he took to playing the violin in the streets of Vienna. One evening in 1751 a listener was sufficiently impressed to ask him to compose an opera and although he had never before written an opera, Haydn was willing to try the task. The opera was a great success on its opening, and after a few more ups and downs (after its second performance, the opera was stopped on charges of being libelous to "local persons") Haydn was off on his career. In spite of a rather bad marriage (when the woman he was in love with joined the convent, Haydn married her sister... a woman portrayed by history as a shrew) Haydn kept his sense of humor for the rest of his amazingly productive and long life, producing more than 100 symphonies alone before his death in 1809.

Another concert I was fortunate enough to attend was the Vancouver Symphony's Masterworks Series presentation on November 15th. The program, conducted with obvious enthusiasm by Conductor Laureate Kazuyoshi Akiyama, opened with Rossini's Overture to La Cenerentola; a great choice for an

opening, this short and fiery work in the usual theatrical Rossini style (the theme to The Lone Ranger is another of his overtures) was well performed and served to set the generally bright and cheerful theme for the Grand Viola, with internationally acclaimed Rivka Golani as soloist. Playing a work by Paganini is in some ways the pinnacle of achievement for the soloist; as the composer was writing for himself, an almost superhuman technical prowess is demanded in return for results which can showcase the performer's skill in a way no other composer achieved. Ms. Golani and the supporting orchestra both showed themselves more than equal to this demanding challenge, turning in a riveting, seamless performance.

The program then shifted gears (and centuries) to the Romantic Fantasy for Violin, Viola, and Orchestra, written here in Vancouver in the early 1940's by the English composer Arthur Benjamin. Again Ms. Golani was the soloist, this time along with Robert Davidson as solo violin. While the work was performed well, I found it to be rather too modern in style to be really enjoyable to listen to. Short solos for many of the orchestra members spontaneously appear and disappear, changes in modulation rather than in the feel of the music are used to create mood, and while the original theme of first movement is clearly apparent in the third and final movement I was left with a feeling that no true thematic development had occurred. This is not in any way to be taken as less than great work by the musicians; perhaps I'm just not cultured enough to appreciate the subtleties of works in this style.

After the intermission, another modern work appeared on the program, Marian Mieszkowski's A Rhapsody was expressly written for the Canadian National Youth Orchestra and first performed in 1983. Sadly, only the first of three movements was performed; the beautiful string melodies carried by a strong wind and brass background was not only delightful to hear, but fit the general theme of the evening better than I felt the work by Benjamin had.

The program kept the best for last, with a performance of the immensely popular fourth "Italian" Symphony of Pyotr Mendelssohn. In his short life Mendelssohn produced many works of wonderful radiance, and of these this is perhaps the most popular. It came as somewhat of a surprise to me, then, to see in the program notes that the composer himself was quite unhappy with this work, and in fact refused to allow its publication during his lifetime. Such dissatisfaction is hard to imagine, as one feels enchanted by the resplendent themes which so eloquently bring to mind the

sundered beauty of the land which inspired its composition in 1831. Production of a piece of this popularity is something of a risk in that so many of the audience members are familiar with the work, and will thus be more critical than usual. The orchestra needed no fears in this; they gave a world-class performance of this work, and one got the impression that they must have truly enjoyed playing it. The entire evening was recorded for later broadcast by the CBC, and in the last piece about all they have a work rivaling any other recording of it currently available. All told, a wonderful concert and a real feather in the collective orchestral cap, although I for one would have gladly traded the removal of the Benjamin work for the entirety of Mozart's newer work which I feel would have fit in better stylistically.

December is a bit of a slow month for up-coming performances: neither Early Music Vancouver nor Friends of Chamber Music have any scheduled concerts, however at the Orpheum the VSO does have a VSO Pop series concert conducted by Newton Wayland on the 3rd and 4th as well as Holiday Harmonies on the 17th and 18th, a collection of Christmas music including a narration by CBC's Phil Reimer. All of these will be at 8:00 PM; additionally they have a 2:00 PM December 1st concert featuring works by Franz Von Suppe, conducted by Clyde Mitchell. While on the subject of the VSO, I neglected to mention last month that as a bonus for getting a season's VSO subscription, one gets 20% off CD's and tapes at Sam the Record Man; something to keep in mind if you're planning attending many of the concerts anyway and are trying to build up your own music library.

But of disappointing news for anyone looking forward to the VSO's special presentation of Anne-Sophie Mutter on March 16th: as Mr. Mutter is expecting her second child all of her winter and spring concerts have been cancelled. In its place the VSO will be offering a recital by another well-known violinist, Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, on March 9th. For any of you who already had tickets for the Mutter concert, these will be honoured for the replacement which promises to be outstanding.

Only other bit of news for this month is that if you went looking for The Magic Flute recently, you might have been surprised to find old location vacant. Well, they haven't moved far, just across the street and up about two blocks into a new building with what seems to be a better layout.

Good listening for the next month!



WEDNESDAY Reggae Night with D.J. George Barret

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In a world where neat-o things don't happen that often, I was angered and disappointed after shoddy my way through "Mof's Psychosonic Pix." Last month Mof took local sensations cub apart bit by bit in an "I-think-cub-get-too-much-attention-ye-I'll-devote-an-entire-column-to-prove-it" bullshittin'. Ah, irony can be a wonderful thing. If you believe half of what he said in his column to actually be true then, brother, you need to get a grip. Or, better yet, sit back, watch and enjoy a band who is actually moving up out of this back-rabbing, latter bullshittin' world, instead of analysing the situation so much you actually feel the need to disclaim them in a public newspaper.

The fact is **cub** are probably the most flash-successful band this city has ever seen, and that doesn't need any drawn-out (jealous?) explanations. I think cub are great and I love their latest releases. Besides the *Bett-Cola* CD, Mint Records has released a double seven-inch version of the album with 12 songs in all, 10 of which can be found on the CD. The two remaining tracks are "Hello Kitty," which can also be found on the *Julep* comp, and the exclusive boss-beat of the Tommy-Roe classic, "Sweet Pea." The new originals are great, especially the bitter-sweet "They Don't," the beautiful "Pretty Pictures," tinkly toy piano and all, and the acoustic bliss of "A Picnic." So don't be mean, try to not figure it out. Just relax and enjoy 'zuc, look out cub, cub

are tumbling you way today! (Mint, #699, 810 West Broadway, Vancouver, BC, V5Z 4C9)

It's been a good month for local record releases. Why, right now, in my sweaty mitts, I'm gazin' at the impressive vinyl debut of local poseur-boys **The Sister Lovers**. The recipe here is four songs of corny, new wave-ish power-pop from an equally bizarre and nutty combo. The production is pretty sicko and the vocals a tad obnoxious but it's half the charm, and "Paula Stop Pretending" is just too damn catchy to slag! It's the Pointed



Sticks revisited! Note: The Sister Lovers are Nordward the Human Serviette's fav local band. (Horri-fying Circus Music, P.O. Box 78069, 2606 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, BC, V5N 5W1)

Then there is **The Fiends**. Don't confuse this local garage band with any of the other bands called the Fiends from around the world, these guys are our very own. The Fiends are apparently The Worst in

disguise, although there is nothing wrong on the sleeve to prove that. Funny thing is that there is absolutely no difference between this retro noise and what I've heard from The Worst! It's exactly the same! Three songs in total including a rude cover of "Ain't It Hard" by the Elicite Pines and a very Grouperesque original called "Two's A Crowd." This is mostly '60's punk at its Worst! (Primitive Records West, 380 E. 15th Ave., Vancouver, BC, V5T 2R1)

Vancouver's Final Notice Records has a new one out from a group of rabid young lads outta Kamloops. They're **Sineater** and the record's called *Duncecap*. What we have here are three energetic songs of noise-checked post-punk with tempo changes and everything! It's slamin' skater rock! It's time to swallow our sins and start moanin'! (Final Notice Records, P.O. Box 1457, Station A, Vancouver, BC, V6C 2P7)

And if that one doesn't have quite the amount of core ya need, try **Fifth Column's** "All Women Are Bitches" 7". This record looks and sounds different from the usual K love-rock but, if anything, it falls in the tradition of Mecca Normal and Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet. Fifth Column hail from Toronto, are an all female act and have something to get off their chests (obvious in the title). This is anti-men punk rock: a mixture of lush vocals on top of harsh screams, distorted guitar, and a pounding, erratic beat. The B-side calms down a bit

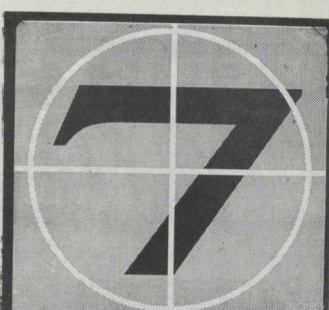
for the sugary "Donna" (featuring the drum styling of Shadowy Man Don Pyle) and brings to a close another 7" in the history of Musique de Canada, albeit on an American label but what else is new... (K Records, Box 7154, Olympia, WA, 98507 USA)

Well, lookie here! A Sub-Pop single... God I haven't seen one of these in... actually, I think it's been out for a while but I've only just now had the chance to hear it, and she done deserve some praise. The group is **'68 Comeback**, outta Memphis, featuring Jeffery Evans of the now-defunct, but fab, Gibson Bros. This dark 'n' twisted comeback up where these cats left off and present two warped, whacked-out zombie-stompers, coming off like Carl Perkins against the Flat Duo Jets in a mud wrestling duel to the death. A great rock 'n' roll record. (Sub Pop)

The Single Of The Month Award goes to a hot new combo from San Francisco that inch out '68 Comeback in sheer brilliant stupidity. They are **The Rip Offs**, featuring ex-members of SF's best and now gone groups The M. T. Experience and Supercharger—if that ain't a recipe for absolute musical destruction I fail to know what is. Solid, blast-off punk rock of the highest calibre, these guys are so cheap they put both songs on side one because they couldn't afford the extra \$40 for a second side! (Rip Off Records, 581 Maple Ave., San Bruno, CA, 94066 USA)

Also from San Fran. are **The Sarnos**, whose "Peter Murphy's Dead" 7" presents a pop mix of Bee Gees-like melody with the delivery of early Violent Femmes and the biggest sales volume of Shogun Seconds. The vocals are nice and gritty, and manage to carry the tunes to an above-average rating. To cap it off, the B-side is an amusing mid-tempo romp through a cover of Love and Rockets' "So Alive." (Hairy Records, P.O. Box 170301, San Francisco, CA, 94117 USA)

Now let's beat it outta North America and hear what's shakin' in ye olde UK. First up is London's **Television Personalities** who dig playing those wild 'n' tired chords of the mid-'60s. Like the liner notes say, this one's dedicated to "the Kinks, Joe Meek, Lee Hazeldwood and Nancy Sinatra, John Lennon and Elton John." Included is a spot-on cover of the Kinks' hit-noise, "I'm Not a Love Everybody Else." So if you're a fan of 1960's authenticity, write 'em. Me, like a bit more twist to my shake. (Little



BY GRANT LAWRENCE

Teddy Recordings, Schiffersreel, 8000 München 21, Germany)

Also from England is **The McTells** 7", "Derek/Alice." Put out by the Budget-Pop 'runaway' monies at Four Letter Words, this one, like the Rip Offs, is also a one-sided slab, not quite up to The McTells' pop potential. Quirky weird-beat with little Beale-esque riffs make this slightly and, oh so, disagreeably bland. (Four Letter Words, 4960 National Ave., #33, San Jose, CA, 95124 USA)

Two snoozers in a row... I wanna rock! I'm going to France! Now hear this! Les Thugs are not the only rock 'n' roll band from France! **The Squares** are fresh outta the garage and are definite deft contenders for France's hottest export since escargot. What we're blessed with here are four chunky tunes of fire-rock, including the pound-o-rama "Congo Square" and the spooky and strangely familiar "Night Of The Squares." Ah yes, kids, just like Ray Davies used to write 'em, Punk-Squares. (Get Hip, P.O. Box 666, Canonsburg, PA, 15317 USA)

Back to reality and Bellingham, it's **The Nowhere Garden's** "When I Look" and "All End In A Dream." A couple light, hippie-ish, mainstream pop songs from a group that was once a Grateful Dead cover band—that, and we all know, is an unforgivable and unfortunate sin. Encore enough, the singer's often overbearing vocals reminded me of a serious and straight? Pansy Division. (Planning Cow's Head, 1319 Indian St., Bellingham, WA, 98225 USA)

It's always an ugly review when all I like about a record is the cover... that's the unfortunate situation with **Flake's** new one. The home-made jacket is 100% duct-tape with the band logo stamped directly on top; the music is a raucous, post-modern metallic slug-fest. You make the call, I'm spent. (Expectorant Records, 946-19th Ave. E., Seattle, WA, 98112 USA)

And then there was O. O. Plays in Flut and has his own record label called Standard. Standard's latest release comes from San Diego's **Drip Tank**, who has shed most of their patented pop-core for a more funky, noisier sound on "Motherlode" and "Shithouse." Problem is I'm not too sure I dig the new angle. It'll probably grow on me but by that time it'll be too late. Drip Tank will be signed to a major soon (they are from San Diego, remember) and they then won't matter what I think... (Standard, P.O. Box 9000-108, La Costa, CA, 92018 USA)

I was gonna review the new Gush 7" but Kinakin beat me to it, so closing with a 7" from San Francisco's **Horsey** seemed like the next best thing to do. However, when I pulled the record out of the sleeve it shattered! It's probably for the better, it would just end up confusing people. On that note, I think it's about time to sign off until next month. Have a wonderful holiday and I'll see you in January with my year-end Top Ten list! You can't wait, can you?

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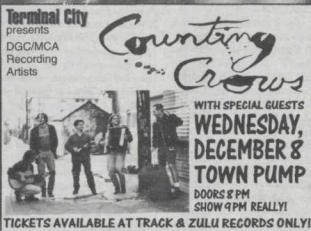
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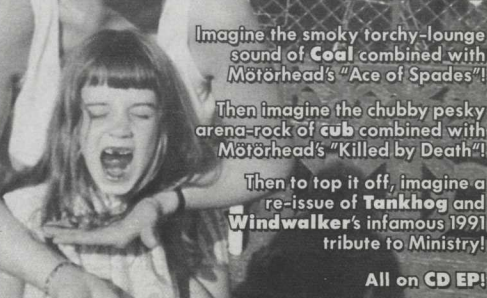
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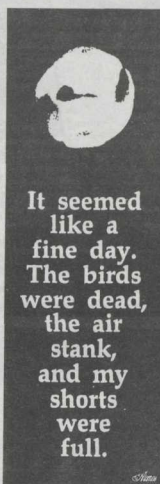


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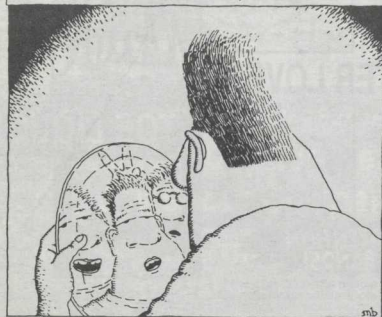
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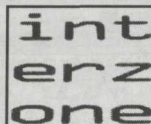
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DREAMSPEAK
• Bloodlines •

Bloodlines

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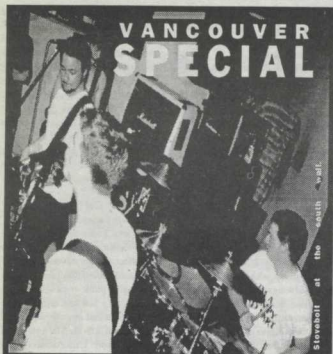
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FANZINES

Schism #9
28 pgs - 8 1/2" x 11"
This issue could have been aptly titled the *Born-Again Schism* issue since issue #8 came out 6 years ago. But what a rebirth! A real strong support on vegetarianism and animal rights with political views spread throughout. Beginning with an explanation of the 'zine's new lease on life, jumping into posters as protest (complete with newspaper clippings), following through to vivisection and political contracts, and rounding off with a trip to the kitchen (vegan recipes included). *Schism's* layout is one of the 90's, Macintosh laser printing type that's become over-used lately or so it seems in the political field of 'zines. One could be turned off by all the slogans but if you agree with them they'll turn you on. Comparable to the look and feel of *Punchline* (with more dialogue) or *No Answers* (with less music). (P.O. Box 75119, Ritchie Postal Outlet, Edmonton, Alberta T6E 6K1)

Glamour Glue #2
24 pgs - 8 1/2" x 11"
Why was this issue stuck in an envelope with a million gold glitter flakes? You know, the kind you decorated every art project in Kindergarten with? My room is cov-

ered in them now and I hate having to vacuum! Anyway...Suede, Suede, Suede, I thought just the first issue featured a spotlight on Suede. Now I realize that this isn't a generic fanzine at all, it's a *Suede* zine—aimed at the faustical Suede fan, weird, weird, weird. Everything to do with Suede...everything. I can not understand the faustical attitude toward a band that already gets enough press in the mainstream to make a *fanzine* like this seem necessary. The one page without any mention of Suede/Smiths seemed to be a statement against zoos, which made it stand apart, and that was cool. I also admire the editor's laid-back attitude to people who make fun of Suede/Smiths, realizing they aren't for everyone. If it moves you, drive it. (\$4 plus \$0.86 postage in Canada to *Glamour Glue*, Box 41023-2529 Shaughnessy St., Port Couillard, B.C. V3C 3G0)

Snotrag #1
60 pgs - 5 1/2" x 8 1/2"
Inspiring sketches and statements of freedom and life; the honesty in this 'zine shines stronger than most. Only a good conversation could come from reading this 'zine. The editor took a trip to Central America and instead of bringing back friendship bracelets brought back some truth of what is swept under the rug. It made me realize how little I

know about a country that has so much American intervention—it's such a complex cover up. If it all seems like too much, don't worry. You'll be carried through *Snotrag* with pages covering issues on rape, racism in art, sexual oppression and general mind food. I learned a lot from this 'zine and if knowledge is invaluable then \$1 is hardly a price. (send \$1 to *Snotrag*, P.O. Box 1457, Station A, Vancouver, B.C. V6C 2P7)

DEMO REVIEWS

Kittens - Pony
"Fucked" would be a good word to describe this band. Noise and repetition that makes you ask "What?" *Pony* begins with some guitar noise indulgence, like a heavy Sonic Youth, but veers into some Steel Pole Bathhouse square distortion. "Disturbing" would be another good word to describe Kittens. "Geez, they must be sorta cute and fluffy..." Naw, more like the monster that kills the kittens and spurs the remains on your doorstep. Fucked. (267 Barker Blvd., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3R 2H4)

Endorphines - Sex Like a Canadian
Supposedly, the Endorphines have been around since '85, faded off in '89 and now are back again with this 2-song tape. The first song reminded me of the Violent Femmes so much as first that I thought they may have found an out-take and recorded over the vocal tracks. The second song was more melodic and reminded me of an acoustic Tubes song. That could be their influence for humour, who knows? (#209—1881 Brunswick St., Halifax, Nova Scotia B3J 3L8)

Color Wheel - 84 demo
I'm led to believe that this band is mentally unstable or weird. I would describe this, at best, as up-tempo Gothic or at worst, cheer-rock. I'm not very knowledgeable in either genre so I'll stop my babbling now.

12 Eyes - Demo Schenemo
12 Eyes have been around for quite some time, touring a lot across the prairies through to Vancouver, but I don't know why we haven't seen any vinyl from them yet. Catchy pop-punk a la Youth Brigade on

the first track, and on the other an early Doughboys feel, complete with a vocal drawl. They rock live and give it everything. However, it's unfortunate that there are so many pop-punk bands in Canada these days to make one go, "Oh, no, not another." I hope that doesn't deter them. (934 Somerset Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3T 1E7)

Second Guessing - I Only Rains in England for the Sake of American Tourists
This got the Cool Title Award on top of having really creative and eye-catching packaging. This could be a solo project but I may be wrong. The vocals have a delay effect on them throughout the whole tape, which might nerve you at first, but you get used to it. Rotocore's singer guests on one song but his voice is effected as well, which I felt took away from his beautiful voice—oh, well. Musically, it's soft, layered, acoustic pop guitar tracks with soft percussion—a real airy type feel. Mood music. At first I couldn't recognize who they reminded me of, but I soon realized that I've reviewed an earlier tape of theirs before...and it still stuck in my mind. (3573 W. 16th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V6R 7G2)

Motherwell - demo
Four songs that went everywhere at the same time and, as I understand, that's the intention. Cool, but that makes it hard to listen to at times. The vocals seem to be bur-

ied most of the time (mumbled and hard to make out) and not always matching the dynamics of the band. I saw them live, by chance, at the Southwell and I could draw comparisons to the Rollins Band without Henry or free-form instrumentalists with mumbled vocals. If the vocals were more direct and upfront it might have brought it all together for me but I guess I just don't understand where they're coming from or what they're trying to do. (c/o Jim Knight, 2037 E. 8th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V5N 1V3)

Ragamaroons - Here Cometh the Befegthe Truckee
Winnipeg's only 10-piece world beat band. I guess that says it all, really. If you like Roots Roundup or Ngoma, you will probably like the Ragamaroons: humour, politics and a lot of pot. Um...yeah. (83-111 Lewis St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3L 1W8)

Sinus Envy - Karkalark Park
Got an early punk feel out of this—Vancouver punk: D.O.A. or Slow. I missed the early punk scene so maybe that's why I don't understand. Bar-punk, maybe? I have a feeling that they are entertaining live...humorous? I'll bet they even dress up in silly clothes.

Kid Champion - demo
I guess I fall victim to some hype surrounding this band: new band, plays some shows, Mint Records instantly offers to put a 7" out for them...that's suppose to mean

something? From this basement recording I couldn't quite grasp the excitement. I could hear the Pavement (anonymous for 4-track recording) influence but it seemed more disjointed and sadly, more out of tune at times. Maybe that's the point. Maybe I should see them live. Maybe this recording is old. Maybe I'm really scared of missing the cool hype wagon and afraid to say "mediocre" in case I'm proven wrong. I have a feeling that this band hangs with the Blaise Pascal and/or Honey crowd (an assumption to make a comparison). If you're in a mellow/depressed mood, the ability to like Kid Champion increases.

ALL-AGES SHOWS

Sat. 18th - Benefit Bash for the Animal Liberation Front Support Group (ALFSG) w/ Strain, Stovebolt, Insult to Injury and the Deprogrammers at the Southwall (Lonsdale Rec. Centre, North Van.).

ATTENTION - If you would like your all-ages shows mentioned in "Vancouver Special," dropoff, mail or fax (no phone calls, please) two copies of the notice of your show (one for inclusion in this column and one for on-air mention) to:

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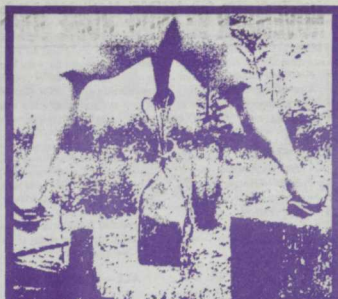
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REAL LIVE ACTION

Jesus Lizard Cop Shoot Cop Superconductor Commodore Ballroom Sunday, October 31

Halloween '93 was hosted by the one and only Jesus Lizard so, naturally, this would be the best Halloween ever. Perfect match wouldn't you say?

Superconductor, such a few members but still gigantic live, started off to an empty floor that slowly filled up. They seem to have mastered stage volume, as everyone's playing was discernable, but the soundman buried the vocals for their entire set. I saw Superconductor about a year-and-a-half ago and I thought the smoke machine was to hide the fact that they couldn't play all that well. If that was the case, I have no idea why they brought it out again because they are amazing now. Smoke machines usually stink like chalk but theirs smelled like a creamy almond popcorn, which was rather interesting. Maybe they put milkshakes or something inside. Superconductor rocked and people gravitated to the stage like bugs to a light and sniffed away. They were great and that drummer is awesome.

A mean and nasty Cop Shoot Cop pounded out a long set of industrial bass weirdness that was super heavy. Some parts were drawn out and repetitious but they had a great hypnotic effect. They slammed through songs sounding like Skinny Puppy meeting the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion on a dark NYC subway, while pumpkins were lobbed and happily returned to the stage in fragments. They were mesmerizing and the power was amazing, kind of like Hitting Bitch's evil, deformed cousin. Cop Shoot Cop were unique, experimental and extremely punk rock (if you think about it). Opening for Jesus Lizard is a tough job and both bands did great.

The crowd was primed and ready for the Lords to come on and take us away when Jesus Lizard hit the stage. Their fifth trip to Vancouver, Jesus Lizard ripped everybody's eyes out and put them back in backwards. During the second

made a fine house band at the funeral of now deceased Vincent Price, to whom they pay homage to. They are truly the incarnate spirits of punkish rock 'n' roll. Their sound had the tainted blood of the Cramps running through their veins, with the barking wolfhound of Calgary snipping at their heels. For those who didn't show, and judging by the turnout I'm guessing that's most of you, I can only stress that you shouldn't miss them the next time they slither into town. I'm giving these guys 10 out of 10 shrunk heads on a stick.

Bug Edna

Special Beat Skatalites The Selector The Toasters Commodore Ballroom Monday, November 8

As it's most fundamental level, pop/rock can be broken down into two rhythmic components: backbeat and downbeat. If you like line dancing and clapping along to Robert Palmer songs, chances are you're a downbeat guy or gal. However, if you are inclined to a crisp and articulate backbeat sound, chances are you may have to make a concession, that the ska/reggae beat rules! Born of afro-spaghetti roots in the West Indies, ska had its genesis in early calypso and the brass band dance music of Jamaica. Drugs and rasta culture slowed the beat down to the reggae and dub styles we know today, but the faster ska sound found a welcome home in the United States when it was amalgamated with the mod/punk movements of the time. With its emphasis on racially mixed bands, social/political commentary, and mod clothes and lifestyles, the ska and rock steady sound appealed to the disenfranchised generation of kids emerging from the fallout of white sixties rock and seventies disco.

Bands came and went and new wave usurped the musical spotlight in the early eighties. But by the end of the last decade English style ska was on the upswing again, with an added dash of funk.

Older bands, taking advantage of the revival, reformed and started touring and putting out new-recolored material (although groups such as Buster Bloodvessel's Bad Manners have been putting on excellent live shows for nearly a decade). However, younger generations of ska bands from all over the world have been putting out well-written, fast-paced and highly energetic material in recent years as well. So I wondered, as I headed down to the show, how these reformed former mega-giants would compare against the mythology which inevitably gets built around them and the general quality of new bands.

The Forbidden Dimension were not what I expected. Tom Bagley and crew put on a true creep show. With their pale white zombie effects, projected kitch horror flick images, and a signpost pointing the proper direction to the forbidden dimension, the Forbidden Dimension should have

made these patriarchy (and male patriarchy) of the ska family definitely earned their place at the head of the table. The Toasters, an American band who have been around for years (and whom some consider the best ska band currently active), were up first and put on a rapid-fire

and delightfully tight set (including band member stage dives into the audience ala Fishbone)—much different than the somewhat lightweight quality of their recorded material (bonus points for a superb horn section). The Selector was up next and, despite a shaky start, quickly sped into a fine selection of old skat, including "Train to Skaville," "Missing Words," the inevitable cover of "Too Much Pressure," and the crowd pleaser, "James Bond the Killer." Much of the band's success lay in lead singer Pauline Black's unbounded enthusiasm and humor.

The Skatalites, one of the original Jamaican groups, primarily a large brass ensemble, transformed the Commodore into what seemed like a southern street festival: raw and boisterous, playing the older, slow steady beat and mixing in Cuban and Latin themes. The Skatalites drew enormous applause, and rightly so. These guys have been playing since the forties and fifties and are still giving it their best! Finally, after a long intermission, and nearing one 1:00 AM, the Special Beat emerged onstage featuring, among others, Neville Staples, John Braxby, and Roddy Radiation (if I'm not mistaken) of the Specials and Ranking Roger of the English Beat (whose unexpected presence brought gasps of surprise from the crowd). They rocked through a raft of old Specials and Beat tunes, and a couple of new pieces, balancing fast and slow (sometimes all bands should do) and playfully interacting with the front, including tolerating divers and a few improvised duets with audience members. The set highlight was definitely a blistering version of "Mirror in the Bathroom!"

Judging by the number of Vespas parked outside (some from Washington) and the credible number of mod nuts inside, it seems ska culture is alive and well. Its emphasis on racial tolerance, social acuity, anti-fascism, and geeky (thus hip) clothes and body shapes (as opposed to all the shiny, poupy, pretty-boy/girl fashion bands around today) make it a worthy pursuit. Keep on skanking!

J. Boldt

Bad Brains Prong Commodore Ballroom Wednesday, November 10

I wish I could say that I am a longtime Bad Brains fan, and that I've always harbored a dream of seeing them in concert, and how they lived up to my expectations, so on and so forth. I can't. My first encounter with their music was about two weeks ago. I was intrigued enough that I went to the show to find out whether they were all about. And I was impressed.

Fronted by a singer who at times looked possessed, this four-piece band puts out some really exciting music; the crowd was sweating by the end of the first song. I just couldn't stay still and soon found myself in the middle of the mosh and up against the bar-

rier. This was the music and the atmosphere that I had been craving for a long time. This is the ultimate music to thrash to.

What still stands out in my mind are the really funky bass lines that were loud enough in the mix to satisfy my taste. Most bands are guilty of not having the bass loud enough to really let you hear it, but Bad Brains weren't guilty of this and it was hot. The drummer was solid and tight, putting out a rhythm that was really cool mix of reggae grooves and a solid punk beat. Backed by the solid, funky rhythm section, the guitarist drifted from punk to reggae to metal. Exciting and refreshing. It's a pleasure to hear a group who doesn't have a bunch of songs that sound the same.

Bad Brains do not only want to emanate the vibes of love but they want to give out a message of peace and brotherhood. Their new singer supports this by implying that they do not tolerate racism. He made a special plea by telling us that we have to reach out and help our native brothers and sisters. The crowd's response was loud and enthusiastic but, for some reason, I had the feeling that the true message went by most of those who cheered.

Robin Beech

Dead Can Dance Vogue Theatre Friday, November 12

Dead Can Dance took music to its highest level as a form of art. Not counting themselves to surreal formulae, Western-centric music, their continual ethnic melodies took me to another world. Lisa Gerrard stood behind a podium and one couldn't help but get the feeling of being at a sermon. And that analogy isn't too far off. Her voice was absolutely amazing. I heard a rumor that if she had sung the way she did that night without music, she'd probably be just as famous on her own "famous" being alone word.

Brendan Parry, however, stole the show. At times, Gerrard's voice annoyed me but Parry's voice was soothing, and his knowledge, as well as the band's knowledge, of the mandolin, lute, koto, biwa, music box, sitar, flamenco finger-cymbals, gongs, chimes, and various percussion instruments as-tounded even cynical me.

I got particularly excited when a flute-like voice performed. Harkening back to Chinese folk melodies of the Song dynasty, it was a trip to another time; a good indication of how powerful a little melody can be, huh?

Christian

Lemonheads

Hole

Walt Mink

Commodore Ballroom Saturday, November 13

I was going to write an open letter to Courtney Love, to parallel my good buddy Biff's to Evan Dando, but I found I really had nothing to say to her. The faux-punk styling of Hole left me with a bad attitude toward the whole (fun completely intended)

phenomenon. I'll grant the band that the audience, not exactly receptive, was probably comprised mainly of Lemonheads fans. Nonetheless, after an hour of their music I was among those Love told to "fuck off" in response to their boos. Perhaps the year as *Spin* magazine's unofficial voice of women in rock has taken its toll on Love's throat but her atonal singing (screaming?) style added nothing to Hole's essentially uninteresting songs.

"Fat? Did you call me fat? There's not an ounce of fat on me!" was Love's idea of between-song banter and clearly indicative of her devotion to the advancement of the perception of women. Maybe playing a punk rock groupie in Alex Cox's *Sid* and Nancy gave her the idea that anyone with a bad attitude, affected or not, could be in a band. Unfortunately, for most musicians talent also has to factor into the equation somehow.

In any case, I'm sure Hole feels for me exactly the same thing I feel for them: nothing. Wow, aren't we all hardcore?

Tania Bolsakaya

Dear Evan, Please, help me. I'm so confused, I just don't know what to make of you. There I was at the Commodore last Saturday night, in eager anticipation of hopping along live to your latest pop musings. My hopes were high that the great voice and sold-out show would inspire an above-average performance. Instead, you came out and whipped through every song like you were bored by being there. Now, granted, I was very tired and sober, and couldn't afford to get drunk playing the Commodore \$4.50 for each warm beer, but even in the most giddy state of mind I think I would have been yawning. You never engaged in lively banter with the audience, except to say a few humble "thank-yous." You never moved your feet, nor do I recall you ever even looking at the crowd.

What's wrong Evan? In your latest video you seem to happy and carefree but onstage you could barely manage more than a few hair flips. Have you suddenly become a shy and awkward soul frightened to look out past your bands? Impossible to believe when your dippy face beams out from every magazine rack like a light-house for teenage girls whose pubescent pinings have gone adrift while waiting for the second Barenaked Ladies album. Perhaps you have a truly anti-social quality to maintain if you wish to keep the first half of your "alternahunk," monicker.

Whatever the reason, Evan, I was thoroughly disappointed. Watching you in concert was like looking at an out of focus pin-up while listening to your albums. Oh well, maybe next time you'll be better rested for your big day.

Your's respectfully,

Biff Paradise



CHARTS

NOVEMBER 93 LONG VINYL 50

1 SEAWED	FOUR	SUB POP
2 SWERDRIVER	MISCAL HEAD	AAM
3 SUPERCONDUCTOR	HIT SONGS FOR GIRLS	BONER
4 YO LA TENGO	PAINFUL	MATADOR
5 UNWOUND	FAIRY TALES	KILL ROCK STARS
6 THE BOO RAZZIES	GIANT STEPS	COLUMBIA
7 EDIC'S TOP	LOVE TABA	SUB POP
8 DEAD CAN DANCE	INTO THE LABYRINTH	4AD
9 TEENAGE FANCLUB	THIRTEEN	GEFFEN
10 ARCHERS OF LOAF	ICKY METTLE	ALIAS
11 REVOLTING COCKS	UNGER HICKY GOOD...	SIRE
12 DE BRUINS	A TRIBUTE TO METALICA	HOLLYWOOD
13 HAZEL	TORSEADOR OF LOVE	SUB POP
14 THE NIGHTBLOOMS	24 DAYS AT CATASTROPHE	SEED
15 ROSE CHRONICLES	DEAD AND GONE TO HEAVEN	NETTWERK
16 MAZZY STAR	SO TONIGHT THAT I MIGHT SEE	CAPITOL
17 STEREO LAB	TRANSPARENT RANDOM NOISE...	ELEKTRA
18 RICHIE 242	05-22-93-12	EPIC
19 CUB	BETTE COCA	MINT
20 KING KONG	FUNNY FARM	DRAG CITY
21 SEAM	THE PROBLEM WITH ME	TOUCH & GO
22 INFACADE	TRUTH WILL OUT	INVISIBLE
23 THE BREEDERS	LAST SPLASH	4AD
24 KMFDM	ANGST	WAX 18AX
25 MIDKINNEY	FIVE DOLLAR BOB'S MOCK COOTER	REFRRE
26 S2 JAM	WELCOME TO HONKYVILLE...	SUGAR
27 COCTEAU TWINS	FOUR-CALENDAR CAFE	FONTANA
28 THE MELVINS	HOLDIN'	ATLANTIC
29 NIRVANA	IN UTERO	GEFFEN
30 POLYPHEMUS	SCRAPBOOK OF MADNESS	BEGGARS BANQUET
31 REDD KROSS	PHASESHIFTER	THIS WAY UP

32 NEW KINGDOM	HEAVY LOAD	GEE STREET
33 BIG STAR	COLUMBIA-LIVE AT MISSOURI	BMG
34 THE LEMONHEADS	COME ON FEEL...	ATLANTIC
35 IDIOM	YEAR AFTER YEAR	CAROLINE
36 ORBITAL	ORBITAL 2	FFRR
37 TAO	WHALES	GIANT
38 PSYCHOSONK	PSYCHOSONK	WAX 18AX
39 ST JOHNNY	HIGH AS A KITE	CAROLINE
40 LES THIGGS	AS HAPPY AS POSSIBLE	SUB POP
41 DON CABALLERO	FOR RESPECT	TOUCH & GO
42 THE SPINANES	MANOS	SUB POP
43 MESSIA NORMAN	ROCKO PLAIN	K
44 THINKING FELLERS UNION	ADMONISHING THE BISHOPS	MATADOR
45 GEORGE CLINTON	HEY MAN...SMELL MY FINGER	WARNER
46 THE THRELL KILL KULT	13 ABOVE THE NIGHT	INTERSCOPE
47 PEGBOY	FORE	1/4 STICK
48 PJ HARVEY	AT-RACK DEMOS	BLAND
49 MOTORHEAD	BASAROS	KY2
50 HOLY ROLLERS	HOLY ROLLERS	DISCORD

NOVEMBER 93 SHORT VINYL 35

1 BORN KILL	NEW RADIO 7"	KILL ROCK STARS
2 JALE	EMMA 7"	DERIVATIVE
3 THORSEN	EGG'S SAGA 7"	MEAT
4 PANGY DIVISION	TOUCH MY JOE CAMEL 7"	LOOKOUT
5 RAJOUL	FRESH AND NUBLE 7"	LOOKOUT
6 PERFUME TREE	REMOTE EP	ZULU
7 NEUTRAL MILK HOTEL	EVERYTHING IS ... 7"	CHER DOLL
8 SISTER LOVERS	PAULA STOP PRETENDING 7"	HORRIFYING CBCUS
9 BUCKEYE	SEE TILED 7"	TRACHURIN
10 THE SHAMIS	SEDIRIA EP	MATADOR
11 THE TRAMPLES	BABES AND BURNIES 7"	KILL ROCK STARS
12 CAT FOOD	LOST CAUSE 7"	CAVING INEAT
13 STEREO LAB/VINIST	SPLIT 7"	TEENBIE
14 BETTE SERVEST	KID'S ALLRIGHT EP	MATADOR
15 THE SMEADS	KICKED MY BUTT 7"	HELL YEAH
16 MOLDICER	THE PIG WAS COOL 7"	TOUCH AND GO
17 THE CUPID CAR CLUB	FOUR SONGS 7"	KILL ROCK STARS
18 PINEAPPLES	SHY BRINGS ME DOWN 7"	PLACIDO
19 HAIR AND SKIN TRADING CO.	GO ROUND EP	BEGGARS BANQUET
20 CRAYON	THE SNAP-TIGHT WARS 7"	HARBET
21 MORY	MOVE EP	ELEKTRA
22 CATHERINE WHEEL	SHOW ME MARY 7"	FONTANA
23 BUTT TRUMPET	I LEFT MY FLANNEL IN SEATTLE 7"	HELL YEAH
24 SOAP JOHN HENSHIE	BYOND DE GO 7"	SCRATCH
25 JDS	BEAUTIFUL THINGS 7"	MERGE
26 SIX CENTS AND NATALE	SIX CENTS AND NATALE 7"	HARBET
27 BLOOM	CRUSHRAK 7"	PAINT CHIP
28 MAN OR ASTROMANT?	SUPERCINIC TOOTHBRUSH HELMET 7"	GET HIP
29 VICTIMS FAMILY	MAYBE IF L... 7"	ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES
30 FIFTH COLUMN	ALL WOMEN ARE BITCHES 7"	K
31 FINGER	FINGER 7"	THIRD STORY
32 HITTING BIRTH	HALLELUJAH 7"	WILL
33 GUS	GUS 7"	HEADRUSH
34 THE ODD NUMBERS	SO MANY GIRLS 7"	EIGHT ONE NINE
35 DELAH	DELAH 7"	MEAT

NOVEMBER 93 INDIE HOME JOBS

1 MEET DASY	SHINY
2 KID CHAMPION	SEVEN FORTY SEVEN
3 MARK (FROM HORSEY)	SPRING CHICKEN
4 TICKLE TRUNK	REVOLUTION
5 10 DAYS LATE	UPON THE ROOF
6 COAL	ACE OF SPADES
7 BLAISE PASCAL	SPOTLIGHT KIDD
8 WINDWALKER	KNIGHT MOVES
9 TIGER BEAT	ONE DOZEN HAPPY DAYS
10 HUGO	TIME OF DAY
11 REAL MCKENZIES	PLUES
12 THE VINAGRETTES	FISHING FOR A TROUT
13 KIM LINERIN	IS THERE A PLACE?
14 CURTIS	ALWAYS CLEANING UP AFTER YOU
15 CONSPIRACY-A-GO-GO	JULIANA
16 SICKO	MAMACITA
17 ASHES	FB SONG
18 MOVELAND	ROOFTOP
19 THE BOMBHELLS	(A SORT OF) ICARUS
20 KARL MOHR	THE SKY IS ON FIRE

HOME BASS COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

1 BICOHP.C.	C 8 EP	FORCE INC/GERMANY
2 FORCE MASS MOTION	SONIK SOURCE EP	RABBITCITY/GERMANY
3 UP ABOVE THE WORLD	TRYING TO REACH YOU	EXTREME/USA
4 MIND CANDY	IM GOING MAD	INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH/USA
5 ELA GOLD	UPSCULTE EP	TENSION/USA
6 THE PRODIGY	ONE LOVE EP	XLIX
7 TECHINHEAD	PASSION EP	REACT/UK
8 NO TRO GEN	BATTLE OF THE NEURONS	THUNDERPUSH/NITELDS
9 THE BEING SONS	AFGHAN ACID	XPERIMENTAL/USA
10 HOUSE PIMPS	GET THE HOOK (ELA GOLD REMO)	WHITE LABEL

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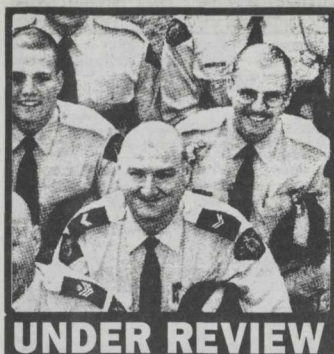
1 PUBLIC IMAGE LTD.	LIVE IN TOKYO
2 X	MORE FUN IN THE REAL WORLD
3 GANG OF FOUR	HARD
4 JGGY POP AND THE STOOGES	I GOT A RIGHT
5 XTC	MUMMER
6 ELVIS COSTELLO	PUNCH THE CLOCK
7 TALKING HEADS	SPEAKING IN TONGUES
8 ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN	POPCUPINE
9 THE CRAMPS	SMELL OF FEMALE
10 SIOUXIE & THE BANGHES	A KISS IN THE DREAMHOUSE

I.BRAINEATER

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FRIDAY DEC. 3



The Stoaters Keep the Head (Turtle Records)

Ah, the Stoaters...just a mention of their name brings back memories of many a drunken night at local night-spots, whooping it up while trying to stagger-dance to their raucous, energetic Celtic beat. But it's been a while since this lad's seen the Stoe'ers. I moved on (down) to a dingier scene, cheaper hooch and louder music while the Stoaters seems to have move on as well,

although in the opposite direction, to the world of Big Albion Rock.

One would assume that it's a might more difficult to translate the traditional acoustic side of Celtic rock music to the digital age than it is with a loud guitar rock band, but many groups, such as the Pogues or Spirit of the West, have risked it and have had many pleasing and successful results. So the question is "what happened here?"

Keep the Head is a disappointing listen. The strong

live vocals of Dennis and Robert seem buried on most tunes, as does most of the low-end, making the mandolin, acoustic guitar and percussion give off an annoying tinny din. The toe-tapping beat is still there, as are the assortment of accompanying instruments such as bagpipes, organs and flutes. There are even two live numbers buried to the end as if to say, "don't worry, we can still shake it up live." But that credit doesn't help here. Then again, I could still be considered a "mixed up youth" and, as the Stoaters are certainly no spring chickens, this album may be more appealing to the thirtysomething set. As for me, I'll look forward to more drunken rumpus live from the stage.

Grant Lawrence



Curve Cuckoo (Anxious/Charisma)

Curve initially burst onto an English indie scene desperate to foil all the down-to-earth laidbackness of the Manchester scene. The first three EPs with their vicious, cerebral attacks of songs like "Coast is Clear" and "Ten Little Girls," hinted at the emergence of a potentially great band: a bastard cross between Siouxsie and the Banshees and N.I.N. Then came the debut album, *Doppelganger*, a major let down which was content to wallow in gothic pretensions rather than express any real aggression.

So Curve had something to prove with *Cuckoo*; to some extent they've fulfilled their initial promise. Many of the lyrics on the album were inspired by singer Toni Halliday's bitter, emotional break up with her boyfriend and producer, Alan Moulder. This gives the album a very dark, genuinely harrowing feel. Combined with this is a greater musical eclecticism. "Left of Mother," for instance, is distinctly Eastern-tinged making it very reminiscent of a '90's version of Echo and the Bunnymen's *The Cutter*.

However, the problem with *Cuckoo*, as with *Doppelganger*, is that when Curve hit upon a formula, albeit a pretty good one, they stick very rigidly to it. Thus, the album becomes monotonous at times, blunting its passionate edge.

Curve could still fulfil their initial promise. They just need to experiment a bit more and be

prepared to fall flat on their faces. When they do this they're music will become genuinely dangerous. *Cuckoo* is a step in the right direction but not quite a big enough.

Simon Hemelryk

Engine Kid Bear Catching Fish (CZ)

Forget all that you've heard in the past about Engine Kid ("Post Hardcore"). Forget the Silent comparisons. Engine Kid twisted around all of their own. A twisted, convoluted, sometimes tortured, often times beautiful sound.

Bear Catching Fish is eight long, long tracks seemingly lacking structure in any conventional sense, awash in a cascade of noise and discordant guitar. Sometimes hypnotizing and soothing. Sometimes a full-on barrage of noise for noise's sake. Soft then hard and heavy. Loud then quiet. A subdued murmur builds tension to its ultimate climax, tapering off to once again tempt to lull you back to sleep.

Regardless of whether this was recorded in "the basement of some guy's brick house" in Chicago (I guess that can help sell a lot of records), *Bear Catching Fish* stands tall and proud on its own merits and unique sound.

Eric Flexyhead

movement. Without this 1981 release there would have been no Pussy Galore, no Giant Sand, and no Royal Tux. We owe these guys something.

Fire of Love was supposedly recorded on a three-day spree of cheap amphetamines and good vibes. The aura of positive occurrence is all over it, and when "Fire Spirit" breaks through the chorus into the bridge there is a utopian energy that belongs to everyone. The blues acuity of guitarist Ward Dotson and singer Jeffrey Lee Pierce carries *Fire*, a meld of abrasively vibrant guitar and well-timed serenity.

This is the Gun Club's shining moment. Nowadays that can be found in that Potter's Field of those formerly great, unwashed bands of yesterday. Part three chord scale, part electrified Robert Johnson, *Fire of Love* is a naively genuine release from a bunch of doped up guys who just wanted to preach the blues the best way they could.

Steve Miller



Tiny Hat Orchestra Funhaus (Scrap Yard Records)

I'm a hard-boiled fan of original Jamaican ska. Artists from the early sixties such as Lord Comic, The Skatalites and Lee King Perry are Gods to me. They truly possess their groove licences. Even the ska revivalists of Britain in the early eighties wore their passion and dedication for ska's Jamaican origins boldly on their sleeves. Heck, The Specials even had the legendary trombonist Rico Rodriguez in their ranks.

Unfortunately, the current crop of American ska enthusiasts seem to think that ska originated in 1980. Consequently, a third-generation, watered-down version of ska which pays more tribute to the pop qualities of the British revivalists and retains almost none of the jazzy grooves of original Jamaican ska, is produced.

Tiny Hat Orchestra primarily plays third-generation, North American ska. If you like that stuff then their newest release, *Funhaus*, will be quite a treat. Its origins are in ska, yet the Tiny Hats are quite ambitious, blending rock, Latin jazz and Carnival music styles into their mix. The tracks "Rat City" and "Epilogue" stood out for me, the most pleasant surprise was the unexpected ten-minute bonus track hidden at the end of the CD. A kind of

Residents-visit-the-circus instrumental that just might be the soundtrack to the cool black and white picture book that accompanies the package. Definitely a must for fans of contemporary American ska, but I'll stick to my Skatelite bootlegs.

Dave O'Rama

Kirsty MacColl Titanic Days (IRS)

I have to admit, it took half-a-dozen listens before I started to enjoy this latest offering from Ms. MacColl. In her defence, it took me that long to weed through the muddy production which isn't helped any by MacColl's voice. As sweet and distinctive as it may be, it's not powerful enough to grab the listener initially.

Kirsty MacColl has at times been likened to the late (8 great) Sandy Denny and on this release she carries the torch admirably. Nothing wrong with that. Nothing wrong lyrically either, there's plenty to listen to here. Most of the songs are collaborations with Mark E. Nevin, there's also one with Johnny Mair, but ultimately it's MacColl's strength as a lyricist that shines.

Musically, *Titanic Days* sounds kind of folksy in a British pop way. There are enough surprises though to bring the overall sound up to date and make the album worth the effort.

Norm van Rassel



Fudge The Ferocious Rhythm of Precise Laziness... (Caroline)

I went to Oregon. Fudge came along. We had quite an adventure. We watched and giggled as our driver was scolded by a portly Bellingham police officer. We admired the driftwood artwork in a suburban McDonald's. Fudge was there with me spinning "Oreo Dust," "Peanut Butter" and "Pez" gently into my ears. The dream of the American grove pervaded the air like a pine flavoured car freshener. We watched a kite flying competition and laughed at the hairy, mama's-boy contestants. The sand was like icing sugar between our toes. ...Precise Laziness... indeed.

Fudge is far from over-produced and provides pretty, mellow and energetic melodies for any occasion. I couldn't have chosen a more suitable travel companion for accompanying me on such monotonous highways.

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Fudge sings in a Grapes of Wrath vein and the music itself is reflective of Pond and the Smashing Pumpkins (minus the aggression). Fudge is straightforward and still admirable in spite of not breaking or bending any alternative rules. Fun.

Yep, with Fudge and I the good times have just begun. Sure, there's a lot we don't know about each other yet, in fact, we're hardly as familiar as I'd like us to be. I'm often astounded that I've allowed our relationship to go this far with such a limited exchange of vital information. We'll work on it. I can't tell you where Fudge comes from, nor do I hazard any guesses on their junk-food fetishes, but this is certainly a "so far, so good" situation.

Emma Lauder

Eric's Trip Love Tara (Sub Pop)

Since the release of their two EPs, *Peter and Songs About Chris*, earlier this year, Monoton's Eric's Trip have left many an indie music fan drooling for more of their folk-style punk material. Anticipation of a full-length release equalled the desperation of a string-out-junkie waiting for the next fix. Anxiety led to paranoia: Could Eric's Trip fill a whole LP with good material? When was that dang LP comin'?

out? Eric who? Well, the debut LP, *Love Tara*, is finally out and it isn't an overdose. The 37 minutes of subtlety and understatement have only increased the output from his salivary glands. Yet, once again, less is more. Needless to say (but I will), this album is a gem.

To be honest, I didn't quite find head over heels for Tara at first sight. Sure, upbeat tracks like "Anytime You Want," "Sunlight" and "Spring" caught me from the get-go ("Frame" is a classic), but it was over the next couple of listens that the rest of the album crept up on me. Suffice it to say that the silent killers were tracks like "Stove," "Secret for Julie" and "May 11," the more quirky folk-inspired tunes that really complete the Eric's Trip sound. Julie Doiron's soft voice is essential to the Eric's Trip simple, homey ambience but it's her bone-chilling shriek (ala Sonic Youth's Kim Gordon) in "Blind" that put the icing on the cake.

All these goodies are delivered in an excellently produced album, taking 10 to 20 new heights. Or is that depth? Word has it that Eric herself is a great live act. Well, *Love Tara* proves that they rule on wax too. Absolutely worth the purchase, even if you're, like, starving or something.

Adam Traynor

Devil Dogs Saturday Night Fever (Crypt)

It's Saturday night and everything's a right. You look at your invitation once more with amazement: "We are the Devil Dogs and you are invited to a party." You've been to their big beef bonanzas before, so you just know this shindig is gonna be a doozie. The fabulous Andy G. greets you at the door: all smiles; all charm. The latest platter is spinin' up a storm, the perfect compliment for a perfect party. It's Saturday night and the Devil Dogs make it outta sight!

Bryce Dunn



Problem Children The Kids Next Door (En Guard)

If you are just now discovering the wonders of punk rock, this is a pretty good place to start. If you

are already well-versed in the sounds of punk rock, this album sounds really, really dated. The attitude is purely working class, beer-drinker-out-to-get-laid and pissed at the cops because of it all. You know, the same stuff every other band that takes themselves only semi-seriously is about. I found it pretty boring and would rather spend my money on some old D.O.A. or something.

ERI



Front 242 02:22-09:12 Off (Epic/Sony)

Recently, I had begun to wonder if industrial music had exhausted itself. With some bands moving toward techno and others toward thrash, could it be that cyber-bands were a thing of the past? This is not your father's Front 242. *Off* is the best direction the band and industrial music have taken in the past year or two. That means don't expect a series of top

ten hits like they attempted with *Evil*, their uneven album from earlier this year. Rather, *Off* is a connected collection of slightly ambient "related" pieces—it's almost a concept album, I suppose. If Pink Floyd did industrial music it might sound a bit like this.

This is really strong album, made stronger by the presence of female vocals on a number of the tracks—it's about bloody time, and it sounds great. Admittedly, some of the vocals marred otherwise perfect tracks, but that is a matter of opinion, and production. Disagreements aside, the album is of a superior nature. *Off* is probably the best album to be released by Front 242 in years, which is saying something, and is undoubtedly the highlight of an otherwise drab year for industrial music. And thank God industrial music seems to have moved beyond cyberbait raving and silly men jumping around in black shirts. *Off* may just be the watershed for the next direction in industrial sound.

Gustav

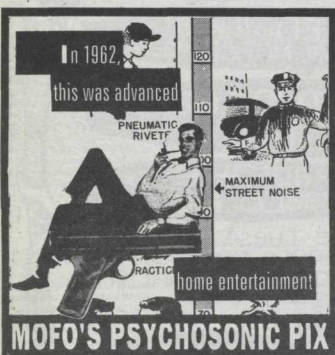
The Wonder Stuff Construction For the Modern Idiot (Polygram)

Wonder Stuff singles have always, without exception, been great. Witness the four-minute pop explosions that were "Golden

Green," "The Size of a Cow" and "Don't Let Me Down (Gently)." However, no-one could honestly stand up in the court of taste and say that any Wonder Stuff album has been an essential item. So they had something to prove with *Construction For the Modern Idiot*. Unfortunately, it is even less essential than its predecessor.

Construction For the Modern Idiot is an album that redefines the expression "a curates' egg" (ie good in parts). It's the type of album that the skip function on a CD player was made for. It's a frustrating album. After the shameless pop delights of the first few songs you are about ready to start thinking in terms of a classic. "Change Every Light Bulb" and "I Wish Them All Dead" are packed with zest and venom in equal measure, while "Hot Love Now" simply swoons. Best of all is "Cabin Fever" which picks up where "Size of a Cow," bouncing along with the self-confidence of a song that knows it's gonna be played at student discos until hell freezes over, left off.

But then suddenly, from "Full of Life" onwards, it all falls off into a drab display of Wonder Stuff by-numbers. "On The Ropes" does its best to get *Construction...* off the ropes momentarily, but then it's back to bland nothingness. The closing



Hey there, Spads!! The last few months, in a cheap attempt to wrangle some mail from you, I launched a little, sort of, contest thing. The quest? I was trying to see how many people actually read my piddly little column and how far away they were. The prize? A lovely, I'll, canned meat treasure!!!!!! The winner? Read on!

Mr. Mofo,
Greetings from the land of the hamburger vending machine. Just writing to express my enjoyment of your column. Various slugs I know in Vancouver usually message to send me Discords (the most recent

issue courtesy Nardwaur), and the Psychosonic Pix is always a highlight.

The 21st of every month here is a day you'd love. One of the largest temples in Osaka holds a flea market that on that—date you'd see yourself in excitement. Soak up that vinyl—'60s Japanese bands and all sorts of non-occidental weirdness. Unfortunately, I have nothing of the sort to send you—I use my stipend to buy green vinyl shoes and old snapshots of folks I've never met. Said event occurs every sun. I'll take Mr. Blaine Thier (former "Everything's Ducky" artist)—he's sleeping on the floor of my spare room since his arrival here in

this off-perplexing nation. I've been wanting to order one of your Pamplets for quite some time, but I haven't any Canadian or US\$ or stamps. The cost of changing yen to dollars is prohibitive—would end up costing \$15. Excluding a few offers you might enjoy, including cassette labels from a manga aimed at the teen-girl market, and some prostitute-business cards (always posted up in phone booths). Tell the editorial staff to print the books column every issue (or do they?)—Fried! Love the inkline 'graphics under type' habit.

Love,
Tim Olive
Nara-Ken, Japan

Well, I asked for a long distance letter and, boy, did I get it! You can't get much further away than Japan so I declare Tim Olive, "Letter King!" His prize package includes: a 3 oz. tin of Maple Leaf Potted Meat and Meat By-product, a strange food that grants a multitude of store shelves in Newfoundland, seconded only by the mighty Vienna Sausage! Not only might it contain mechanically separated beef, it may contain chicken and/or pork! And don't forget the By-product! As well, I figure the poor sap deserves the Psychosonic Pamplet Box Set, which is essentially, Volumes 1, 2 and, hopefully, 3 enclosed in, well, a box. I'm also gonna drop in some other goodies I find around the house. Thanks, Tim, for the stuff!

New things to check out: there's a flea market about three

blocks from the New Westminster Skytrain station that has a whole vein of unmined vinyl treasure. I got the next couple of pics from said market for about four clams. There's a lot more there and had I run outta cash I woulda cleaned up. So get your sorry butts out there before my payday hits!!

This month, some Christmas ideas:



Popeye's Songs About... JACK MERCER & MAE QUESTEL (Golden)

Usual messages on health, manners, friendship and safety from a guy who smokes a pipe and eats spinach straight out of a jagged tin can! Though passable, the voices aren't! The originals, surprise, surprise.

Genre: Role Models
Cheerability Rating: 50

Super Bad VARIOUS ARTISTS (K-Tel)

The first K-Tel album I've reviewed and the best. K-Tel manages to pull off a great compilation of the happen-

ing soul and R&B of the early-'70s. You get yer Curtis Mayfield "Superfly," Joe Tex "My Girl," O'Jays "Backstoppers" and yer Millie Jackson "My Man, A Sweet Man." Of course, Millie's nautique for your protection, but may I suggest you grab her rawer, more nautique LPs. Another highlight is Chakala's "Jungle Fever," a great tribal-soul groove that sounds amazing on old vinyl! A perfect collection of rare grooves.

Hot Buttered Soul Cheerability Rating: 0 (this ain't cheese, folks!!!)

The Klowns (RCA)

If you can imagine a group like the New Seekers or the Cows of Godpell in clown garb with trippy mad down make-up, you got a good idea what the Klowns are. Yow. You can bet some A&R guy got the bum's rush after this one.

Genre: Up With Klowns
Cheerability Rating: 60



Tijuana Christmas Party THE TIJUANA HORNS (Arc)

Before you start arranging yer guacamole in the shape of Santa, hold on. This is a very hurtin' attempt at the standard carols done Herb Alpert style. Herb is the King, man. These guys are just posers.

Genre: Tijuana-wannabes
Cheerability Rating: 40

Last, here's what Mofo wants for Christmas! This one belongs to Johnny Hatch, local musician and pal o' mine:

Play Guitar With The Ventures THE VENTURES (Guitarphonics System)

This a weird vinyl collector's wet dream! A how-to record that lets you jam along with The Ventures. With a gate-fold sleeve and attached booklet, you can either play the Ventures, bass or lead to "Raunchy," "Tequila," "Memphis" or "Walk, Don't Run." A must-have!!

Genre: Surf Gods
Cheerability Rating: 100

That's all for now, get out there and find some nuggets!

track, "Sing the Absurd," just about sums up the album—a great title that promises much but ultimately proves to be a big let down by failing to be remotely absurd.

Once again, the Wonder Stuff have failed to become the pop institution I've always hoped they would. Still, the greatest hits compilation is going to be unmissable. Save your money and wait for that.

Simon Hemelryk



**PJ Harvey
4-Track Demos
(Island)**

If you've never heard demo tapes with guitar and vocal tracks only, I can best describe the absence of any drumming by comparing it to eating tortilla chips without salsa.

When you first try the chip plain, you're aware that there's something missing, and maybe you don't like the taste. After several tries, however, you can really pick out the distinctive qualities of the chip and, soon enough, they're as addictive as nicotine. PJ Harvey's new release, *4-Track Demos*, is just like that.

Upon first listen I wanted to hear percussion, but to little avail. Gradually my ears acclimated to what I was hearing and I began to appreciate this for what it is: a collection of really good songs in their most raw format. Energetic, frenzied performances were captured on this unproduced recording by PJ with a minimum of overdubs, only a little keyboard, the occasional drum machine and some wicked backing vocals. The lyrics are interesting as well with numerous references to sex, in titles such as "50 ft Queens" and "Rub 'Til it Bleeds."

4-Track Demos is an excellent CD in all accounts. So much, in fact, that I just want to keep listening. I never did expect high quality, studio production but, as with tortilla chips, I can really dig into something with a rough crunch that's not quite so sweet. This is lo-fi to live by.

Brian Wieser

**Lesion
Department of Corrections
(Independent)**

Department of Corrections was created by an encapsulated group of musicians under the arrangement of Jeff Stoddard, whose name you might recognise as guitarist on the first Willabum,

Pearl of Great Price. Actually, the connection is no coincidence, *D.O.C.* is mixed by Chris Peterson and features the trademark rants of John McRae, both of Will fame. At first, I expected the influences of the Will sound to reign supreme but, to my surprise, I found this album to be very un-Will like. This EP is a forceful collection of extremes, from guitar-churning, beat-laden songs such as "Believe" and "Tempest Tom Grind," to the devout, enchanting vocals of Andrea Joseph and the slightly disquieting tale of rejection and self-immolation on "Not Even Close."

Now and then you plunge into a certain element of the closeted, infamous, Vancouver music scene that impels you to sit and write. Despite the fact that *Department of Corrections* is difficult to find (except for being consigned to the larger retail chains), I can't understand how this stuff manages to pass the majority of us by. Nevertheless, *D.O.C.* is a solid example of what Lesion is all about—its only drawback is that it's tragically short. I suspect that you will find a full-length from this group in the very near future.

Bug Edna

**Tom Waits
The Black Rider
(Island)**

Tom Waits is one of my favourite poets and, after a career that has spanned two decades, I'm beginning to believe the man isn't capable of a bad recording. What I admire most about Waits is his ability to exercise his insanity on tape and get away with it in such a big way. The more whacked out and experimental he is, the more popular he becomes. Go figure. Why, they even steal his voice to sell beer and gum.

After releasing two recordings last year (*Bone Machine* and the *Night On Earth* soundtrack) I was mighty surprised to hear a new release from Mr. Waits. *The Black Rider* is stranger than usual; it's obvious the man spends a great deal of time in his tool shed. From the clanking of wood on metal to the blinking lighting sounds of his saw, Tom displays his musical carpentry skills. Circuses and spaghetti westerns play a big part in the overall ambience as well. A dark and inspiring piece of work.

Dave O'Rama



**Piss Factory
(Relativity)**

This band sounds as tasteless as their name... This cheesy, pseudo noise-metal wannabe band should seriously consider a career change. Their songs are comprised mostly made up of one repetitive guitar riff and obnoxious vocals. The monotony is sometimes interrupted by silly noises which sound a lot better than the music. There are twelve songs here but if they were honest with themselves they would have released only one, since the others are quite identical.

Vince Yeh

**Counting Crows
August and Everything After
(Geffen)**

Accordions with harmonicas, organs and acoustic guitars permeating about mid-tempo songs make me think, "damn, that sounds Canadian." Perhaps it's because bands like Spirit of the West, the Band, early Blue Rodeo and the Tragically Hip (at times) have produced so much with an ambience that is entirely distinct from anything south of the 49th parallel.

So what does this have to do with Counting Crows, an American band based out of Berkeley, California? Their album is rich with these sort of Canadianisms to such an extent that you'd swear they were straight outta Northern Ontario. The poetic, storytelling lyrics of these mostly laid-back tunes are sung by pianist/vocalist/songwriter Adam Duritz, and he is clearly the focus of this disc. Songs like "Mr. Jones," "Round Here" and "Omaha," to name a few, have stuck in my head since listening to *August and Everything After*, and with each successive listen, the whole of this T-Bone Burnett production grows on me more so.

I'm sure Counting Crows will get their share of exposure, but it's too bad that their songs don't qualify for Canadian content status. They're certainly more Canadian than Brian Adams has ever been.

Brian Wieser

**Drop Nineteens
National Coma
(Caroline)**

The leaders of youth wank-rock, the Drop Nineteens, have discovered distortion pedals—exactly what the world needs. Assuming that their parents allowed them to use feedback this time, their sound is that of injury, infinite darkness, pain inflicted by surgical instruments, and bad hallucinogenic experiences. If you want to hear for yourself, hurry down to your nearest used record bin. I know you can find at least one.

Tim H.

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THE TEA PARTY SPlendor SOLIS

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WATCH for the **Few & Far Between** TOUR featuring **BLIND MELON** **THE TEA PARTY** **13 ENGINES**

as illustrated by **WEDGE**

1 WED CITR Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub... François Bourassa Trio at Glass Slipper... Frank Lee at the Yale... Idiot Savant at the Railway... The Harvesters CD release party at the Town Pump... Come Wheel with Bent Outa Camp at the Hungry Eye... DJ Czech at Luv-a-Fair... Kokoro Dance's Esse at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Bad Turner Trio at Alma Street Cafe... The Rhythm Method at Hog's Alley... Day without Art Street Action (noon) and Video on AIDS (10am-5pm) at the Vancouver Art Gallery... Vancouver Men's Chorus's Allan Gray, Roger Boudand & John Hall's Hidden Legacies (7:30 & 9:30pm) at UBC's Frederick Wood Theatre... Side by Side: Women Against AIDS in Zimbabwe at Pacific Cinematheque (7:30 & 9:30pm)... Leo (7pm) and Being at Home with Claude (9:30pm) at SUB Theatre... Dr. Petiot at the Ridge (7:15 & 9:30pm)...

2 THU CITR PRESENTS AIDS CHILDREN AND THE SPINATES AT THE STARFISH ROOM (1055 HOWE)... Plulo with The Staid GT and The Illid at Notorious Pop Underground... Love Lately with Elvis Love Child and Sick Monkey at the Town Pump... Annihilator at Lunatic Fringe... Tony Wilson at the Malcolm Lowry Room... Frank Lee at the Yale... Bill Corral at WISE Club... Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring Stourbeams and Color Wheel... DJ David Hawkes at Luv-a-fair... Bob Murphy/Pat Caird Quartet at Alma Street Cafe... Idiot Savant at the Railway... The Vinylrettes... The Minstrels... Potatobad at the Hungry Eye... Doc Fingers & the Anchor Band at Anchore... UBC Symphonic Wind Ensemble at UBC Old Auditorium... Billie's Song at Hot Jazz Club... Kokoro Dance's Esse at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Leo (7pm) and Being at Home with Claude (9:30pm) at SUB Theatre... They Call Us Misfits (7:30pm) and A Respectable Life (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Dr. Petiot at the Ridge (7:15 & 9:30pm)... The Woods at Secret Space Theatre...

3 FRI CITR PRESENTS PERFUME TREE WITH KID CHAMPION, LIVE AMBIENT DUB TUNES AT (WAVE AND MC 900 FT SUZ) AT STUDIO 16 (1545 W 7TH)... GI Blues at the Malcolm Lowry Room... Zolly Gracker, Loose, the Beauticians at Notorious Pop Underground... Frank Lee at the Yale... Craig Scott Trio at Alma Street Cafe... Skydivers with Rose Chronicles and Rick Colbourne & Hard Poetry at the Commodore... Dread Zeppelin at the Town Pump... Dobb & Dumela at the Railway... Doc Fingers & the Anchor Band at Anchore... Harem Scarem at Lunatic Fringe... Charles Gayle Trio at the Glass Slipper... Brainreaver with Dog Eat Dog and The Ultra at the Hungry Eye... DJ Czech at Luv-a-fair... Billy Joel at Pacific Coliseum... Billie's Song at Hot Jazz Club... UBC Symphonic Orchestra at UBC Recital Hall... Mojo Nixon & the Touchdancers at the Backstage (Seattle)... (8pm) Kokoro Dance's Esse at Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

Misfits to Yuppies (7:30pm) and They Call Us Misfits (9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Mony Python and the Holy Grail (7pm & 9:30pm) at SUB Theatre... Dr. Petiot at the Ridge (7:15 & 9:30pm)... The Woods at Secret Space Theatre... Robin Blaser reading & book launch at Western Front Lodge (303 E 8th)...

4 SAT Backstage 5 at the Malcolm Lowry Room... Mystery Machine with Rose Chronicles at New York Theatre... Rattled Roosters with East Big Field at Notorious Pop Underground... CD record release party with The Mary Janes at Pop Media/Culture... Dread Zeppelin at the Town Pump... Festival de la Salsa 93 at the Commodore... Frank Lee at the Yale... Dobb & Dumela at the Railway... DJ David Hawkes at Luv-a-fair... Craig Scott Trio at Alma Street Cafe... Sheryl Crow at the Town Pump... Charles Gayle Trio at the Glass Slipper... Fight with Mind Bomb at 86 Street... Sex in Deep Space... Bork, Nancy Weiser Trio, Dish at the Hungry Eye... Doc Fingers & the Anchor Band at Anchore... Billie's Song at Hot Jazz Club... Kokoro Dance's Esse at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... A Respectable Life (7:30pm) and Misfits to Yuppies (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Mony Python and the Holy Grail (7pm & 9:30pm) at SUB Theatre... Dr. Petiot at the Ridge (7:15 & 9:30pm)... The Woods at Secret Space Theatre...

5 SUN Mojo Nixon at the Railway... Rita MacNeil at Orpheum... August Frost at Lunatic Fringe... DJ David Hawkes at Luv-a-fair... Lee Pul Mieg at UBC Museum of Anthropology (2:20pm)... Christmas at Masterpiece at Vancouver East Cultural Centre (2:30 & 8pm)... Peppermint Soda (7:30pm) and Cocktail Molotov (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Mony Python and the Holy Grail (7pm & 9:30pm) at SUB Theatre... The Denuded Video Fest at the Railway... Dr. Petiot at the Ridge (7:15 & 9:30pm)...

6 MON Fast Folk Underground at the Railway... Black Market Flowers with Grouper at the Starfish Room... Rita MacNeil at Orpheum... DJ Darren at Luv-a-fair... Jamie Parker and Stephanie Tran Ngoc at Vancouver Academy of Music Recital Hall... Metalist at Lunatic Fringe... Chris Duarte Group and Ghost of an American Airman at the Town Pump... Peppermint Soda (7:30pm) and Cocktail Molotov (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media at the Ridge (7:30pm)... The Stray Dog Poetry Project with Myron Neville, Chad Norman, Catherine Owen at Procure Restaurant (8633 Granville)...

7 TUE Fat Boogie Orchestra at the Yale... Cruel '70s Disco at the Commodore... DJ David Hawkes at Luv-a-fair... Gruntrock at the Town Pump... The Mahones at the Railway... P-Funk Tuesdays at the Hungry Eye... Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media at the Ridge (7:30pm)...

8 WED CITR Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub... The Rootabeggers at the Railway...

Cash McCall with the Demons at the Yale... Counting Crows at the Town Pump... Ross Taggart and Oliver Gannon at Alma Street Cafe... Glenn Scott & Greg Lawrence, Children of Atom, Deprogrammers at the Hungry Eye... DJ Czech at Luv-a-fair... Al Stewart at Richards on Richards... Duran Duran with the Cranberries at the Coliseum Concert Bowl... Entre Nous (7:30pm) and A Man in Love (9:35pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Dead Again (7pm) and Henry V (9:30pm) at SUB Theatre... King of the Hill (7:30pm) and The Secret Garden (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Vancouver Youth Theatre's Retrospective (8pm) at Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

9 THU CITR PRESENTS AFGHAN WHIGS AND LOVE JONES AT THE TOWN PUMP... Cash McCall with the Demons at the Yale... Ross Taggart at the Malcolm Lowry Room... Brand New (with 12 Eyes and Ed) at Notorious Pop Underground... DJ David Hawkes at Luv-a-fair... Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring the Real McKenzies and the Mahones... Ron Johnston at Alma Street Cafe... The Rootabeggers at the Railway... Loved One, Hugo, Ten Days Late, Spock Charlat at the Hungry Eye... Entre Nous (7:30pm) and A Man in Love (9:35pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Dead Again (7pm) and Henry V (9:30pm) at SUB Theatre... King of the Hill (7:30pm) and The Secret Garden (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Vancouver Youth Theatre's Retrospective (8pm) at Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

10 FRI CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG '93 GRAND FINALS AT THE CRUEL ELEMENT... The Vinylrettes at the Malcolm Lowry Room... Cash McCall with the Demons at the Yale... Bill Clark Scott at the Glass Slipper... Amanda Hughes at the Railway... Lung at the Anza Club... Guy Jones with Texas Flood at the Commodore... Spirit of the West with Andrew Cash at the Vogue... DJ Czech at Luv-a-fair... Noise Therapy at Lunatic Fringe... Hande's Messiah at Orpheum... Dying to be Violent at the Hungry Eye... Sluts and Goddesses (7:30pm) and Female Misbehaviour (9pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Vancouver Youth Theatre's Retrospective at (8pm) Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Human Rights Day event hosted by Gloria Macarenko featuring DJ Hedy Fry, Svend Robinson, Amnesty International's Jim Radnor...

11 SAT The Vinylrettes at the Malcolm Lowry Room... Thrill Sled with Circle of Fire and Touch 'n' Goes at Notorious Pop Underground... Cindy Church at Hog's Alley... Cash McCall with the Demons at the Yale... Spirit of the West with Andrew Cash at the Vogue... Bruce Nielsen Quartet at the Glass Slipper... Amanda Hughes at the Railway... Andy Irvine at WISE Hall... DJ David Hawkes at Luv-a-fair... Hande's Messiah at Orpheum... O'Jum Underground at Lunatic Fringe... Happy Man with Illit at the Hungry Eye... Lung at the Corner Store (Victoria)... Noel with Joelle Rabi (2pm) and Vancouver Youth Theatre's Retrospective (8pm) at Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

Cultural Centre... Sluts and Goddesses (7:30pm) and Female Misbehaviour (9pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Christmas Art Sale at the Grunt Gallery...

12 SUN CITR Chores Electric Band II at the Commodore... DJ Czech at Luv-a-fair... Ranch Romance at the Backstage (Seattle)... Vancouver Youth Theatre's Retrospective at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Andy Graffins Our Man Show at the Railway... Sluts and Goddesses (7:30pm) and Female Misbehaviour (9pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Christmas Art Sale at the Grunt Gallery...

13 MON Amos Garrett at the Yale... The Paperboys at the Railway... DJ Darren at Luv-a-fair... A Seasonal Celebration at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Sluts and Goddesses (7:30pm) and Seven Women, Seven Sins (9pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

14 TUE Amos Garrett at the Yale... The Paperboys at the Railway... DJ David Hawkes at Luv-a-fair... Cruel '70s Disco at the Commodore... P-Funk Tuesdays at the Hungry Eye... Rock Paper Scissors' A Twisted Christmas Carol at Station Street...

15 WED CITR PRESENTS BEST KISSERS IN THE WORLD WITH CHAINSAW KITTENS AT THE TOWN PUMP... CITR Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub... Patty Larkin at WISE Hall... Touch 'n' Goes with Loved One at the Railway... Amos Garrett at the Yale... DJ Czech at Luv-a-fair... Sluts and Goddesses (7:30pm) and Seven Women, Seven Sins (9pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Rock Paper Scissors' A Twisted Christmas Carol at Station Street...

16 THU Kane/Taylor Explosion at the Malcolm Lowry Room... DJ David Hawkes at Luv-a-fair... Dianne Roberts Band at the Railway... Fear of Drinking at WISE Club... Amos Garrett at the Yale... Epsilon Knot at Lunatic Fringe... Shift Magazine Launch Party at the Hungry Eye... Sluts and Goddesses (7:30pm) and Seven Women, Seven Sins (9pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... A Twisted Christmas Carol at Station Street...

17 FRI Cool at the Malcolm Lowry Room... Strolling Clones with The Flents at Notorious Pop Underground... Ray Condo & the Swinging Dukes at the Railway... Amos Garrett at the Yale... DJ Czech at Luv-a-fair... Maria Rose and Quicksilver at WISE Club... Dr. Unknown at Lunatic Fringe... Yellow Belly, Coy Bonos, The Blue Meanties at the Hungry Eye... Sham Olvin at the Backstage (Seattle)... Seduction: the Cruel Woman (7:30pm) and Virgin Machine (9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Rock Paper Scissors' A Twisted Christmas Carol at Station Street...

18 SAT No Means No with Loved One and Pigment Vehicle at the Commodore... Superconductor with Moca Nana and Mexican Power Authority at Notorious Pop Underground... Cool at the Malcolm Lowry Room... Ray Condo & the Swinging Dukes at the Railway... Amos Garrett at the Yale... DJ David Hawkes at Luv-a-fair... Sex with Nixon and Slowdown at the Hungry Eye... Lung at the O'framp (Seattle)... Shawn

Colvin at the Backstage (Seattle)... Seduction: the Cruel Woman (7:30pm) and Virgin Machine (9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Rock Paper Scissors' A Twisted Christmas Carol at Station Street...

19 SUN Blues for Christmas at the Commodore... DJ Darren at Luv-a-fair... British Comedy Night at the Railway... My Father is Coming (7:30pm) and Variety (9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Rock Paper Scissors' A Twisted Christmas Carol at Station Street...

20 MON Reading Railroad at the Railway... Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... Blind Melon with Tea Party and 13 Engines at teh Commodore... DJ Darren at Luv-a-fair... Rock Paper Scissors' A Twisted Christmas Carol at Station Street...

21 TUE Jimmy Roy's 5-Star Hillbilly Boys at the Railway... Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... DJ David Hawkes at Luv-a-fair... Cruel '70s Disco at the Commodore... Blind Melon with Tea Party and 13 Engines at teh Commodore... P-Funk Tuesdays at the Hungry Eye... Rock Paper Scissors' A Twisted Christmas Carol at Station Street...

22 WED CITR Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub... Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... Cruel '70s Christmas Disco at the Commodore... DJ Czech at Luv-a-fair... Jimmy Roy's 5-Star Hillbilly Boys at the Railway... Rock Paper Scissors' A Twisted Christmas Carol at Station Street...

23 THU Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... DJ David Hawkes at Luv-a-fair... Randy Carpenter's Christmas Chaos at the Railway... Rock Paper Scissors' A Twisted Christmas Carol at Station Street...

24 FRI Randy Carpenter's Christmas Chaos at the Railway...

25 SAT Christmas...

26 SUN Spartacus at the Railway... Boxing Day...

27 MON DJ Darren at Luv-a-fair... Moscow Fish at the Railway... Rock Paper Scissors' A Twisted Christmas Carol at Station Street...

28 TUE Mike Jacobs at the Yale... Moscow Fish at the Railway... DJ David Hawkes at Luv-a-fair... Cruel '70s Disco at the Commodore... P-Funk Tuesdays at the Hungry Eye... Rock Paper Scissors' A Twisted Christmas Carol at Station Street...

29 WED CITR Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub... Veda Hille at the Railway... Mike Jacobs at the Yale... DJ Czech at Luv-a-fair... Rock Paper Scissors' A Twisted Christmas Carol at Station Street...

30 THU Veda Hille at the Railway... Mike Jacobs at the Yale... DJ David Hawkes at Luv-a-fair... Cruel '70s Disco at the Commodore... P-Funk Tuesdays at the Hungry Eye... Rock Paper Scissors' A Twisted Christmas Carol at Station Street...

31 FRI Steve Lacy and Irene Asht at the Western Front... Hard Rock Miners at the Railway... The Real McKenzies, age, Aging Yung Gang, Fork Tongue, Jol at the Cruel Elephant... The Paperboys at the Hungry Eye... Cruel '70s New Years Disco at Planet Polyester... She Slew My Beer at the Town Pump... Jim Carrey at Orpheum... Harpdog Brown and the Bloodhounds at the Commodore... Black Cat Bone Band at Anchore... The Walkabouts, Young Fresh Fellows, the Pickets at the Backstage (Seattle)...



yo ho ho...

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